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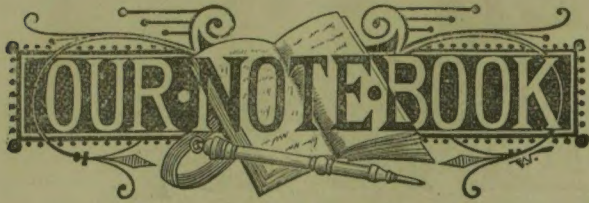
No. 2390.—VOL. LXXXVI.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



THE RELIEF OF KHARTOUM: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART, K.C.B., LATE COMMANDING THE ADVANCED BRIGADE.  
WOUNDED ON JAN. 19.



Among the many strange instances of literary fraud, the claim of Joseph Liggins to the authorship of George Eliot's works, is assuredly one of the strangest. As an illustration of knavery on the one side and credulity on the other, the imposition deserves more attention than it receives in the life of the novelist. In a letter to the *Times*, "S. G. O." states that the man had warm supporters, and that one lady declared she had actually seen him at work on the manuscript of one of the books published under the name of George Eliot. A letter to the real George Eliot from an old friend ignorant of her secret, displays an amusing complication. Mrs. Lewes is asked if she has read "Adam Bede" or the "Scenes of Clerical Life," and whether she knows that the author is Mr. Liggins?—a poor man who has no servant, and does everything for himself? The writer adds that "it sounds strange to hear the 'Westminster' doubting whether he is a woman when *here he is so well known*." A Warwickshire magistrate espoused the cause of Liggins, and undertook to explain the process by which the books were written. He, however, seems to have been brought to a right mind by the exertions of Mr. Lewes. Nothing beyond this of any significance is related in the biography. Some reasonable curiosity may be felt, however, as to the way in which Liggins began and carried on his imposition, what proofs he offered of the truth of his statements, how long they were credited, and what became of the pretender ultimately.

That Mr. John Roberts, jun., should be able to "allow the spot" and yet beat such a player as Mr. John North at billiards in a game of 12,000 points, as he did last week, is astounding; but it is also comforting to lovers of the "all round" game, to whom the "spot" is generally as a red rag to a bull, or as the famous grapes were to the fox when he could not get at them. It appears that miraculous breaks off the spot, like Mr. Peall's 1989 (nearly all spot strokes), do not come much oftener than Christmas in the course of a year, though Mr. W. Mitchell or another may make a paltry 500 or 700 off the spot now and then, as Mr. Mitchell has lately been doing, just to keep his hand in.

By-the-way, the great interest awakened by billiards at present has led to inquiries as to how matters stand in respect of the various players who have won the championship from time to time. Well, then, it was in 1849 that Mr. John Roberts, senior, became champion by the default of Mr. Kentfield, of Brighton, who is understood to have been the first to hold that title; in February, 1870, Mr. W. Cook became champion by beating Mr. J. Roberts, senior, and since then there have been many matches, but between very few players, for the championship, as the following statement—which contains pretty nearly, if not quite, all the matches hitherto played—will show. In April, 1870, Mr. J. Roberts, junior, avenged his father by beating Mr. W. Cook; in November, 1870, Mr. Joseph Bennett defeated Mr. J. Roberts, junior; in January, 1871, Mr. J. Roberts, junior, defeated Mr. J. Bennett; in May, 1871, Mr. W. Cook defeated Mr. J. Roberts, junior, and, in November, Mr. J. Bennett, who had challenged; in March, 1872, Mr. W. Cook again defeated Mr. J. Roberts, junior; in February, 1874, Mr. W. Cook once more defeated Mr. J. Roberts, junior; in May, and again in December, 1875, Mr. J. Roberts, junior, defeated Mr. W. Cook; in May, 1877, Mr. J. Roberts, junior, once more defeated Mr. W. Cook; after this, if there be no mistake, the championship reverted by unaccepted challenge to Mr. W. Cook, whom Mr. J. Bennett challenged and defeated, making 125, the largest break ever yet made on a championship table, in 1880; and in 1881 Mr. J. Bennett defeated Mr. T. Taylor, who had challenged. Since then, if there be no mistake again, the championship has not been played for, though the title has been assumed by right of unaccepted challenge. Mr. J. Roberts, junior, dubs himself, or is dubbed in advertisements, "champion of the world"; and nobody, apparently, disputes the title. It will be observed that Mr. J. Roberts, junior, has beaten Mr. W. Cook four times, and Mr. W. Cook has beaten Mr. J. Roberts, junior, three times.

Whatever other useful functions the managers of her Majesty's Civil List may perform, they certainly deserve credit for the discovery of literary or scientific distinction in quarters where one would least expect to find it. An inquiry—a real, not a sham one—into the administration of the £1200 per annum provided for her Majesty's Civil List would probably reveal mysteries as great and influences as remote as those which induced Lord Palmerston to pension the Poet Close, the "Laureate" to the King of Bonny.

Invitations are not to be lightly accepted at Sheffield. The other day Mr. Thomas Cranmer, no longer an archbishop but a "table-knife cutler," received an invitation from seven of his "mates" to meet them at a certain tavern; and he, scenting hospitality no doubt, accepted. Fancy his surprise when he was seized, tied hand and foot, wheeled about the streets, pelted with all manner of dirt, and so maltreated that, after four hours' experience with a placard carried in front of him and bearing the words "Tom Cranmer, liar, cur, and sneak," he became insensible. And what had he done? To all appearance, he had merely taken the liberty in this free country of saving or acquiring enough money to set up in business on his own account; a piece of presumption which, of course, is "very tolerable and not to be endured." Mr. Cranmer claimed £50 damages, which does not appear too much; but a jury awarded him only £40, the claim being reduced by £10 for some inexplicable reason, perhaps because he ultimately recovered his senses, the jury assessing the value of senses at ten pounds sterling.

There has just been a great sale of rare books and curios belonging to the Marquis Valerio de Urria, at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, at which the highest figure was attained by twenty-four volumes of Madame De Sévigné's Letters, knocked down at £53; while the complete original edition of Molière's works brought £43 5s. Among other items was a very curious sixteenth-century wooden door, which came from an old house in the Rue Croix de Fer at Rouen. A chimney-piece from the same house was purchased for the Hôtel Cluny in 1880.

Although business is at a very low ebb in Paris, and there is a great deal of distress among artisans, the locksmiths are doing well, and driving a thriving trade in door-chains, iron bars, and other means of defence against thieves. Robbery and assassination have become so terribly frequent in the French capital that every householder is taking strenuous measure of protection for life and property, and doors and windows are better barricaded than they have ever been in the past.

Everyone knows how terribly the Burgundian and other vineyards have been devastated by the phylloxera of late years, and most people are aware that a prize of £12,000 was long ago offered to him who could discover a certain and efficacious cure. M. Dodille, a peasant vine-grower, who bought his early experience in Réunion, and spent seven years of his life in the marine infantry of his country, has cultivated two vineyards near Châlons-sur-Saône with more or less success since 1880, and attributes the pest to a great extent to the absence of small birds in France, and declares that the only remedy is to turn large numbers of fowls loose daily among the vines from the middle of June to the end of September. The insect is supposed to swarm about the end of the former month, and M. Dodille, recommends that a little grain should be scattered about on the soil to induce the fowls to scratch and pick it up with their beaks, during which process he declares that they will swallow immense quantities of the phylloxera. His theory is based on experience, is attracting a great deal of local attention, and has been taken up and investigated by the *Figaro*; but it is to be feared that the *Académie* will treat it as an old woman's remedy, because it does not savour of science or chemistry.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the well-known American racing man, with his wife and a large party of friends, had an almost miraculous escape from a horrible death on Jan. 19. They were travelling through the Southern States in the luxurious railway car originally constructed for Patti when, on rounding a sharp curve on the Great Southern Alabama line, two small boys were seen frantically waving their hats and gesticulating for the train to stop. It was pulled up just in time on the very brink of a chasm, the bridge over which had been carried off by a torrent. The weather was very cold, and the boys had stood there for four hours waiting for the appearance of the train. It is almost needless to add that they were handsomely rewarded.

Field and excursion clubs are delightful institutions, especially in the neighbourhood of great cities, where they offer sensible and interesting inducements for Saturday afternoon and other outings. Sometimes the whole distance can be accomplished in a break, and sometimes it can be managed by a pleasant country walk of three or four miles, and then by taking advantage of the railway. There are hundreds of Essex, Kentish, Surrey, and Middlesex villages, stranded high and dry since the cessation of old coaching times, which contain historic mansions, picturesque cottages, or rustic churches with a few fine old monuments or brasses, or rare specimens of early ecclesiastical architecture. Such excursions are best when "personally conducted" by an archaeologist, and should always be accompanied by a botanist and entomologist. Persons of similar tastes are thus drawn together, and in the discussion of their several hobbies and the pleasant interchange of ideas and experiences, all social distinctions disappear. Birmingham, Sheffield, and Derby are admirable centres for such excursions; and those within reach of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester embrace some of the loveliest spots to be found within the breadth and length of rural England.

"The Dramatic Review," of which the first number has recently appeared, is evidently a serious attempt to treat the drama as one of the fine arts, and to divorce the stage from its old companions, the licensed victuallers and sport. What the playhouse has to do with the tavern or the racecourse has never been very evident to many of its patrons, who will welcome a critical journal conducted in a friendly tone and gentlemanly spirit. New brooms proverbially sweep clean, and, side by side with such recognised students of the stage as W. G. Wills, W. Archer, and Clement Scott, we find a fiery and impetuous Hotspur in Mr. Harry Quilter, who is as violent against modern newspaper critics as either Lord Lytton or Mrs. Kendal. He thinks that if those "who are empowered to judge and describe a theatrical performance allow their sympathy or their friendship with the actors and actresses to obscure their judgment or to pervert their record, they deserve the condemnation which we assign in all other matters to those who are blinded by prejudice or influenced by partiality." Quite so; but why is Mr. Harry Quilter alone to be permitted to discuss the drama *ex cathedra*, and to be considered free from the ordinary frailties of human nature?

Surely, one of the most curious mistakes ever made in an authoritative tone of correction was the one perpetrated by a theatrical contemporary, who gravely called Mr. Herman to account for not reading the books that formed the celebrated theatrical library recently sold by public auction. The ground of accusing the bibliophile of an assumed indifference to literature was that the majority of his valuable tomes were described in the catalogue as "uncut copies," meaning, of course, that the edges had not been mutilated by the binder. They were, to use a technical phrase, "tall copies" with the proper amount of margin. The notion that an "uncut copy" of a book means one that has not had its pages severed by the paper-cutter could only have occurred to one as ignorant of books as of the art of binding them.

It will be curious to see how far the late Lord Lytton has availed himself of plays already extant before composing his tragedy of "Brutus," now in rehearsal at the Princess's Theatre, under the direction of Wilson Barrett. There are no less than seven plays in existence on the subject of Tarquin's fall. The most celebrated of these are "Lucius Junius Brutus," by Nat Lee (1681); "Lucius Junius Brutus; or, the Expulsion of the Tarquins," by Downman (1779); "The Sibyl; or, the Elder Brutus," by Cumberland, never acted, but published amongst his posthumous works; and "Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin," an historical tragedy, in five acts, by John Howard Payne, stolen from the Downman and Cumberland plays, and played by Edmund Kean at Drury-Lane in 1818. But there is yet another source at which the late Lord Lytton may have quenched his dramatic thirst. Voltaire wrote a tragedy called "Brutus," which was produced in Paris in 1730, and dedicated to "Milord Bolingbroke." Says Voltaire to Lord Bolingbroke, "You know that my 'Brutus' was born in England. You remember that, when I lived in retirement at Wandsworth with my friend Mr. Falkener, that worthy and virtuous citizen, I occupied my time at his house in writing in English prose the first act of this play, and it stands almost exactly the same in French verse. I often discussed the subject with you, and we were both surprised that no English author had treated a subject which is of all the most suitable for the theatre." Then follows a foot-note by Voltaire: "There is a 'Brutus' by an author called 'Lée,' but it is a play quite ignored, and is never represented in London."

The system of paying officials by means of perquisites frequently leads to curious and absurd abuses. It is said that the first Napoleon was so overwhelmed by the heat one July night that he rose, unable to sleep, about two o'clock, and wandered along the quays by the river Seine for a couple of hours, and, just as the sun was rising, turned his steps homeward. To his great surprise he beheld several of the chimneys of the Tuileries and the Louvre pouring out such thick volumes of smoke that the palace might have been taken for a huge factory. Of course the Emperor inquired the reason, and elicited the fact that at the Tuileries there was a steward who received no salary, his sole emolument being the right of disposing of the cinders of the establishment. This worthy's income being uncomfortably low during the dog days, he devised the expedient of making roaring fires where they were not likely to be observed during the small hours of the morning, and converting a considerable amount of fuel into cinders.

Now is the season of steeplechasing, and people of a "horsey" turn talk chiefly of the Grand National (which is the Derby of steeplechasing), though it will not be run and jumped for until flat-racing has begun. This is one of the few great public events in which gentlemen nowadays ride their own horses, as when Lord Manners won with Seaman, and when Count Kinsky, who, being a Hungarian, is of course a born horseman, won with Zoedone. The chase is over more than four miles of what is sometimes very "holding" ground, and the weights are far heavier than those of flat-racing; yet the winner, as when Emblem won in 1863 and Emblematic in 1864, is sometimes a "weed" that does not look stout enough to carry a "feather," and has been rejected as useless for the purposes of flat-racing. Herein is a remarkable problem which learned gentlemen who expound the laws of Nature in public lectures could possibly solve to their own satisfaction, but which unlearned observers are wont to give up with the remark already quoted to the effect that "Nature's a rum un."

Mr. Brudenell Carter complains of the general ignorance that prevails upon the subject of eye-sight; and a thousand other learned gentlemen are constantly complaining of the ignorance that prevails upon a thousand other subjects which are their special "hobbies." Is everybody to know everything? "Nec scire fas est omnia," said, some nineteen hundred or more years ago, the Roman lyric poet, who himself was "short-sighted," or had some complaint of the eyes; and the worst of it is that scientific theories are seldom final, so that you have to go on unlearning as well as learning. The Germans have done very well in war, notwithstanding their spectacles; and Lord Sherbrook, notwithstanding short-sightedness, can see as far as most people into a stone wall. Life is hard enough without having to learn to do our very seeing, and making our children do their seeing, according to the book. Do let us regulate at least the use of our eyes by the light of nature, if we may not regulate the affairs of life by the rule of thumb. It has by no means been proved to everybody's satisfaction that, in proportion to population, we have not now as many individuals with their bodily organs, including the eye, in full perfection as we had before the days of civilisation; only we are now so numerous that it would not be difficult to collect together a sufficiently large array of "shocking examples" to answer the purpose of anybody who has any theory about the deterioration of civilised humanity in any faculty whatever. Moreover, we know, or ought to know, how shaky a foundation is afforded by statistics.

By-the-way, Mr. Cantlie, F.R.C.S., a gentleman who has hygienic theories, has been alarming us with his picture of the manner in which the true Londoner, born, bred, and immured for ever—bar an occasional bank holiday—in London, degenerates and decays until he disappears altogether, before reaching the fourth generation, like a vanishing fraction of humanity. It may be so; but one would rather take the opinion and believe in the dogma of somebody who has lived through four generations and kept up a continual inspection all the while. Besides, whatever is true of London is true of all great cities, and in some of them is still more noticeable than in London, which, for a great city, is notoriously a healthy place of residence; so that it is a little gratuitous to pick out the Londoner for a specimen of degeneracy. Moreover, "Nature," as the illiterate philosopher sagely remarked,

"is a rum un," inasmuch that she enables human beings to live and even to thrive under such circumstances as fully confirm, in a peculiarly striking and illustrative way, the truth of the saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The fact is, that the fashion of delivering public lectures on all sorts of subjects has spread so much as to have become a little mischievous: clever gentlemen take to public lecturing to push themselves into notice, and to attract attention they must advance some more or less startling proposition. It needed no public lecture to teach us that, all other conditions being the same, it is healthier to live in the country than in a big city, and, therefore, than in London; but to invest so old and so universally accepted a proposition with a certain air of novelty, it was necessary to invent a theory about a natural and inevitable decay and extinction of Londoners in particular before they arrive at the fourth generation. At any rate, they must thus evade a part of the penalty entailed by the sins of forefathers.

From an article contributed some time ago by Lord Cadogan to one of the magazines, a reader would be likely to conclude that the institution of the Jockey Club originated in a desire to purify the Turf, and was invested from the first with some kind of self-conferred legislative authority. The evidence is very much the other way. It is plain that the Jockey Club, at its earliest appearance on the scene at Newmarket, was an exclusive body of gentlemen who wished to have a certain number of races all to themselves, to the extent even of riding their own horses, who cared little or nothing about the morality of the turf in general, and who neither had, nor pretended to have, any sort of jurisdiction, save at Newmarket. Their first acts were to establish two Plates "for horses the property of members of the Jockey Club," and then (in 1768) a Cup "for horses the property of members of the Jockey Club," the public being debarred from competition. And what has been the result? The Plates no longer exist; and the Cup, with modified conditions, is a dead failure, as it was almost from the first. The early "legislation" consisted of a few resolutions (dating from 1758) applicable to Newmarket only, as the Club in its infancy was very careful to state. Moreover, in 1767, Lord Holland wrote to Selwyn: "The Jockey Club is a tribunal I never heard of before"; and in 1785 we read of a practice which, it is said, "ought not to have any weight when it is contrary to so respectable an authority as that of the Jockey Club." From which it is clear that the Jockey Club was not considered to have general jurisdiction; and it is a very interesting study to observe how, by the help of the *Calendar*, the Club gradually made itself into an absolute power. Perhaps it is desirable that the Club should be lord of all, and perhaps the members have latterly done their best or shown a disposition to do their best to purify the Turf and to puthorse-racing on a sound or a little sounder footing; but it is more than probable that the natural reaction which set in after the "Hastings era," and the Act which was passed in 1879, have had far more than the Jockey Club has had to do with that decrease in the number of "places of sport," which Lord Cadogan complacently ascribes to the salutary measures adopted by the Club.

Arsenic is popularly supposed to be good for the complexion; but, even if the supposition be well founded, it can hardly be considered a good reason for what has taken place lately in East Kent, where not only foxes, but pigs and sheep, have been poisoned by arsenic which may, or may not, have been intended for the improvement of the animals' complexions.

The Library of the British Museum is, with the exception of the Paris Library, the largest in the world. To catalogue 1,350,000 printed books is a gigantic undertaking, and has, of course, grown in difficulty with the rapid increase of volumes. In 1878 there were no less than 2000 folio volumes of manuscript catalogue in the reading-room, and it was calculated that in time 9000 such volumes would be required. It became evident, therefore, that a new system of cataloguing must be adopted, and it was resolved to give up the use of manuscript and to print. This reform, which was ably advocated by Mr. Garnett and is now under his supervision, was begun in 1880, and up to the end of last year seventy-four printed volumes have been published, which are said to include the entire contents of 276 of the old manuscript volumes. The saving of space by the new method is indeed extraordinary. The map catalogue has hitherto filled 233 volumes; it will be complete in eight or nine. "Virgil" occupied three manuscript volumes, but now seventy-four columns of print will comprehend all the works under that title. "Bible" takes up at present twenty-one volumes; by the new arrangement it will not occupy more than three or four. It is supposed that the catalogue will be completed with the close of the century. It will form a stupendous monument, truly, of human wisdom and folly. One wonders what the size of our great national library would be if it contained only works of real service to society and to literature. Imagine the relief of Mr. Garnett and his fellow-labourers if, by the exercise of some magic art, all that is weak and worthless on those miles of library shelves in Bloomsbury were suddenly to be swept away!

In a Note last week it was incorrectly stated that "Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, Penelope Boothby, on view at the Exhibition of Old Masters, Burlington House, is not the original picture, but a replica, probably painted and certainly touched up and adopted by the painter whose name is identified with it. The Penelope Boothby, of which the engraving is so popular, is in the collection of the Earl of Dudley, and has not been shown in public for many years." We are informed on undoubted authority—and we gladly give the correction—that the *Penelope Boothby* at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is the Original Picture. It was purchased last year of the Earl of Dudley by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, and sold by them to Mr. Daniel Thwaites, its present owner.

## THE NILE EXPEDITION.

### THE RELIEF OF KHARTOUM.

Khartoum, we trust, is by this time relieved; and, when General Gordon and the Egyptian garrison there have been safely removed, the objects of the Nile Expedition, as stated in Lord Hartington's official instructions to Lord Wolseley in August, will have been fully accomplished.

The Commander-in-Chief's despatches to the War Office published in our Journal last week gave an account of the battle fought at Abou Klea, twenty-three miles from Metammeh, on Saturday, the 17th ult., by General Sir Herbert Stewart, with fifteen hundred men of his advanced brigade, against nearly ten thousand of the Mahdi's army; and of the battle on Monday, the 19th, between the Wells of Shebacat and Metammeh, within sight of the Nile; when a second attack of the enemy was repulsed, enabling the British force to gain a secure position at Gubat, on the bank of the river two miles above Metammeh; and to meet the armed steam-boats which General Gordon had sent down from Khartoum, conveying four hundred black troops of the Khartoum garrison. The latest news from Gubat communicated last week by Lord Wolseley, to the date of Saturday, the 24th, stated that Sir Charles Warren had gone up to Khartoum by steamer, with a small guard of the Sussex Regiment; while, Sir Herbert Stewart having been wounded on the 19th, the command of the troops at Gubat was taken by Colonel the Hon. E. T. Boscawen, of the Coldstream Guards. The lists of officers killed and wounded in the two actions were also given, with the names of two newspaper correspondents, Mr. J. A. Cameron, of the *Standard*, and Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, who were killed in the second conflict on the 19th.

The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Burleigh, was slightly wounded, having a graze on the neck and his foot struck by a spent bullet. He was able, nevertheless, to send that journal an animated description of the fighting on the 19th; this was published in the *Daily Telegraph* on Friday of last week. The *Daily News* had already, on Thursday, the 23rd, published the letter of its correspondent, Mr. H. S. Pearce, giving an account of the first battle on the 17th, this letter being written on the very day of the battle. We now reproduce, with some abridgments, these narratives by eye-witnesses of both engagements; which may be compared with those supplied by the official despatches.

### THE BATTLE OF ABOU KLEA, JAN. 17.

Mr. Pearce writes as follows:—"Yesterday morning we had bivouacked and breakfasted at the south-east side of the great plain, with distant hills to the right and left, and a black and rugged ridge in front, over the saddle of which the caravan route leads to Abou Klea. The 19th Hussars had gone on to reconnoitre, and we heard the sound of distant rifle-shots. About noon came news from Major Barrow that the enemy were holding the Wells.

"General Stewart immediately made his dispositions for attack, massing the brigade in line of columns, the Guards on the right, the Heavy Camel Corps in the centre, the Artillery and Engineers in the rear of the Guards forming the right face of the square. Lord Charles Beresford's Naval Brigade was similarly posted behind the Mounted Infantry. The Sussex Regiment, on foot, closed up the rear, and all the baggage was in the centre. In this compact square of column, the brigade moved forward as steadily as if on parade, and halted four hundred yards from the foot of the ridge, while General Stewart and his staff went forward across it to reconnoitre. As I followed them, and looked back at the serried mass of our men, it seemed but a mere speck on the vast plain. From the hill where General Stewart stood, one could see forward over the extensive stretch of level country, comparatively fertile, bounded miles away by a silver strip that was either a mirage or the Nile. At the neck of this valley, where it narrows into the hills on which we stood, and among the mass of mimos, one could discern the enemy's force, with at least twenty banners waving in the sunlight.

"Thinking it too late then to advance and attack without knowing the actual strength of our foes, General Stewart wisely resolved to form a zereba for the night, with flanking squares strongly occupied, and pickets holding posts on the lofty hills on our left. All night long we were harassed by shots from the heights a thousand yards distant. On the opposite flank there was the continuous hissing of bullets overhead. Now and then one fell in the square, but only two men and a camel were hit. Our sleep was not very sound. Thrice the men were called to arms before dawn, when a general attack on our position was expected. This morning all was quiet until after breakfast. Then the fire recommenced from the stone breastworks constructed during the night on the heights on our right and rear. This was only a feint fire, and was soon suppressed by the Mounted Infantry.

"By eight o'clock, the enemy developed considerable strength on the right front, coming over the black stony hills in good order in two long lines, with banners flying bravely. At the same time some force of the rebels began creeping stealthily up the grassy Wady on our left front, the direct road to the Wells. The screw-guns battery made good practice. Two or three shots checked the advance for some time. Our position in the hollow, with lines extended along the ridge, was strong and well covered. Nevertheless, several men were hit. One of the Heavy Camel Corps was killed early in the action. Another of the Mounted Infantry was dangerously wounded within a few yards of where I write. A camel close by was hit by the next shot. The rebels evidently made skilful use of their Remingtons. But our Martinis' fire, hitherto restrained, was now beginning to tell effectively. At half-past nine the enemy's scouts were reported trying to creep round the hills on the left flank. Barrow's Hussars were sent forward to check this. Meanwhile, the fire in the centre of the line was hotter every minute.

"At ten o'clock, General Stewart determined upon a counter-attack, and formed a hollow square, the Guards in front, the Mounted Infantry on the left flank, the Sussex Regiment on the right, the heavy cavalry and Naval Brigade, with a Gardner, in the rear, the camels, with the ammunition and hospital stretchers, in the centre. We advanced two miles exposed to a heavy fire on all sides. We moved out to the attack under a hail of bullets. Men dropped from the ranks right and left, but none of the wounded were left on the field. The medical staff, under Surgeon-Major Ferguson, worked splendidly under the heaviest fire. There were frequent stoppages for these purposes, which made progress slow. It was nearly an hour before we sighted the enemy's main body, and realised that at least 7000 or 8000 men were against us. We halted and closed square; General Stewart took up a good position on the slope where the rebels must advance uphill, across open ground. Skirmishers of the Mounted Infantry were sent forward to force on the attack, while Captain Norton's battery of screw guns planted several shells among the densest mass. The concealed enemy sprang up, twenty banners waving, and came on in a splendid line. The troops on the right were led by Abu Saleh, Emir of Metammeh. On the left they were under Mahommed Khair, Emir of Berber. The latter was wounded, and retired

early; but Saleh came desperately on at the head of a hundred fanatics, escaping the withering fire of the Martinis marvelously, until shot down in the square. The rear face, composed of the heavy cavalry, broke forward in the endeavour to fire on the rebels, who swept round the flank and broke into us. Then came the shock of the Arabs' impulsive charge against our square. For a moment, there was much confusion, and the fate of the whole force trembled in the balance, until the steadiness of the Guards, Marines, and Mounted Infantry prevailed. The Sussex Regiment, though taken in rear, rallied and fought desperately. The men fell back, re-formed in good order, and poured volleys into the enemy, every one in the leading division falling dead in our midst. In the temporary confusion, the Gardner gun could not be got into action at the most effective moment. When it opened fire, the rebels were close on it. The Naval Brigade therefore lost very heavily; Pigott and De Lisle were both killed. But the greatest losses fell on the Heavy Camel Corps, of whose officers six were killed and two wounded. The Guards moved not an inch, even when the rear was threatened simultaneously with the front. Among the first of our officers mortally wounded was Colonel Burnaby, who fell gallantly in fight close to his old comrades the Blues.

"When we had time to look, we saw that line after line of the enemy had fallen under the Martini fire as they advanced. There could scarcely have been less than eight hundred or a thousand of dead and wounded Arabs. Others in scattered bands made off in various directions, leaving the ground strewn with dead and wounded, with arms and banners. Major Barrow's Hussars came up soon after, but were too late to strike at the retreating foes, many of whom, however, were shot down while retiring. The enemy had fought with the most reckless and admirable courage, and displayed great tactical skill. They harassed the zereba all the previous night, and endeavoured to lead us into a skilfully-laid trap.

"Of the ground selected by General Stewart for the final stand, and the way he handled the men at the most critical moment, too much cannot be said in praise. He and the staff were in imminent danger repeatedly. Pigott and Walsh, of the Mounted Infantry, did immense service, keeping the companies well in hand, pouring volleys into our resolute foes. Norton's little battery did immense service, especially when the rebel cavalry formed for the charge, three shrapnels going in their midst; and again when a renewed attack was threatened from the enemy's left. The shells caused utter demoralisation. Altogether, the battery fired thirty-eight shrapnels, nineteen common shell, and six case, the latter when the rebels rushed to close quarters. The naval Gardner also produced great moral effect on the retreating bands.

"I escaped unhurt amidst the hand-to-hand mêlée with the loss of my horse. After the fight, in which the enemy brought all their best troops against General Stewart's brigade, we gained the Wells of Abou Klea, and bivouacked there last night."

### THE ADVANCE FROM ABOU KLEA.

The following is the better part of Mr. Burleigh's letter:—"A fierce battle and hard-won victory had secured to us the Abou Klea Wells, giving the troops an abundant supply of water, with something for the horses and camels. By night-fall, we were collected inside a rather weak, irregular, and incomplete zereba. The front face, instead of being formed of cut brushwood, was protected by low walls of rough stones. An undulation in the ground left an opening in the wall twenty-five yards wide. The wall itself was twenty inches high, and the zereba was nearly 200 yards square. Each man had his pint of water served out—half his day's supply—and on that quantity he had to work, march, and fight in a thirst-provoking country. Lights were all ordered out at dusk, and the troops lay down in square formation, with their arms beside them ready for instant use.

"By dint of hard work and going without sleep, the column was ready to resume its forward march on Sunday at four p.m. The old zereba was emptied, all the supplies having been transported to the Wells by working overnight; and a new small zereba and fort were built at Abou Klea, a detachment of the Sussex Regiment and a few men of the Royal Engineers being left to hold that post.

"It was given out by General Stewart that the force should only go five miles out and encamp till morning. The column got off punctually, tired though the men and animals were. Nearly one hundred camels were taken with the column to carry water, ammunition, and cacolets. These were all inside the square. It was with pleasure that we set our faces to another forced march so that we might get to the river. Instead of making a protracted halt at sunset, the column rested a few minutes only, to allow the darkness to settle down. Then, altering our course so as to avoid Shebacat Wells and the Arabs posted there to intercept or hinder us, we struck due south into the Desert, attempting to reach the Nile before daylight, and before the Arabs could stop us. The General sought to avoid another battle until the force should have intrenched itself, or, at any rate, packed its baggage by the water's edge.

"Part of the way, the force moved in columns of regiments, the Mounted Infantry leading, with the Hussars in advance and on the flanks. Although this increased the width of our front, it did not diminish the length of the column. Ali Gobah, the outlaw robber chief, directed our course, which was at times rather circuitous—now south, then south by west, and again south by east. Sir Charles Wilson and Captain Verner of the Rifles looked after Ali, in whose experience as a pathfinder they both trusted.

"Daylight broke, finding the column six miles from the river, and about the same distance south of Metammeh. The objective point was to occupy a position on the Nile four miles south of Metammeh. An hour before sunrise we had altered our course, turning more to the east. Before the sun was up, we saw that the enemy was on the alert all along our front. Streams of men on horseback and on foot came from Metammeh, interposing themselves between the column and the water we longed to gain. For a short time, Sir Herbert Stewart deliberated whether to push on two miles nearer the Nile. As the Arabs mustered in sufficient force seriously to threaten our advance, he decided to halt upon a ridge of desert covered with sparkling pebbles, four miles from the river. To our right and rear lay a few low black hills, one mile to two miles distant; on our front, the Desert rolled downward towards the green flats bordering the Nile; for here, as at Dongola, the belt of cultivation is rich and wide."

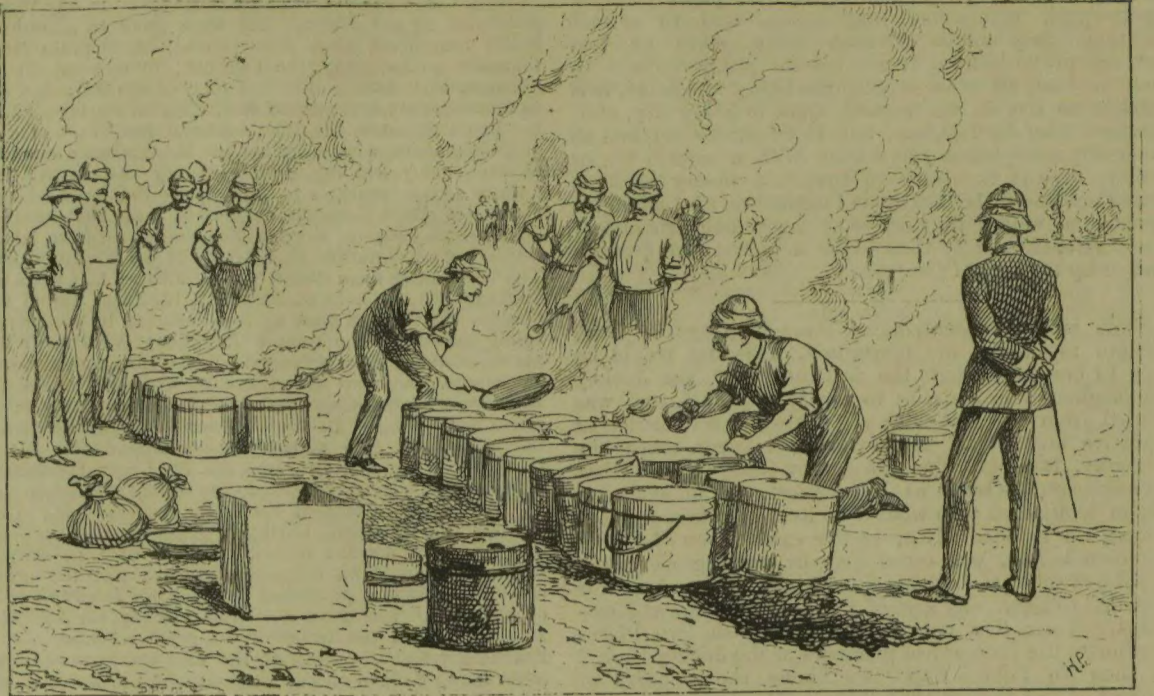
### THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, JAN. 19.

"Turning with a light smile to his staff, General Stewart said, 'Tell the officers and men we will have breakfast first, and then go out and fight.' The column was closed up, with the baggage animals to the centre, as usual; the boxes and pack-saddles being taken off, to make an inclosure to protect the square from rifle fire. In less than ten minutes the Arabs were not only all over our front and flanks, but had drawn a line around our rear. Groups bearing the fantastic Koran-inscribed banners of the False Prophet, similar to those of which we had taken two or three score at Abou Klea, could

## THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT KORTI: BOILING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING FOR THE "HEAVIES."



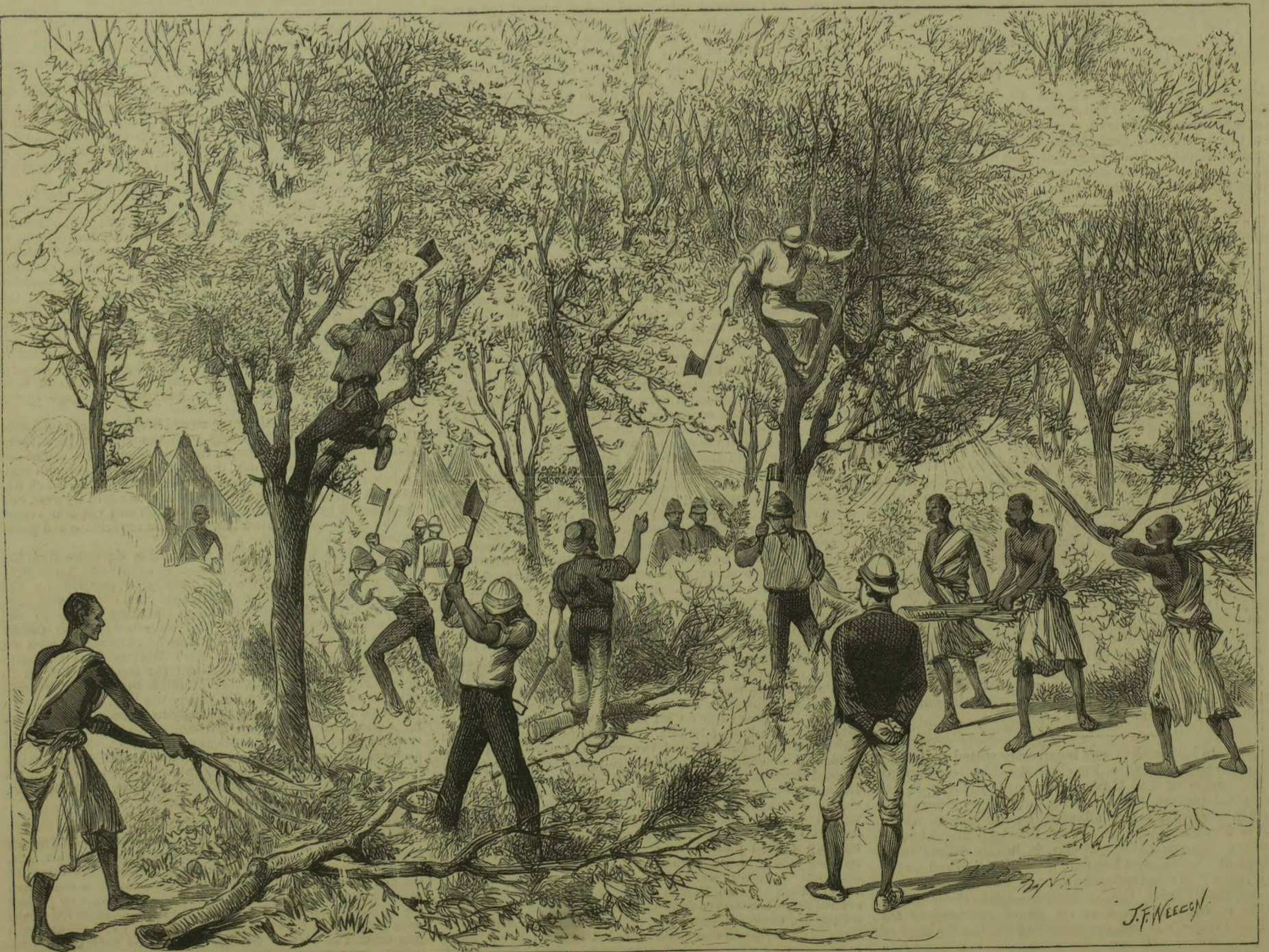
"WHAT A TIME THE PUDDING TAKES TO BOIL!"

be seen occupying vantage-points all around. The enemy's fire grew hotter and more deadly every minute. Evidently their Remingtons were in the hands of Kordofan hunters. Mimosa bushes were cut, and breakfast preparations were suspended for an hour, whilst most of the troops lay flat. Fatigue parties strengthened our position. In going towards a low mound, a hundred yards on our right front, where we had a few skirmishers, General Stewart was shot in the groin. The command devolved upon Lord Charles Beresford by seniority, but he, being a naval officer, declined it, and Sir Charles

Wilson took it over. One of the most touching incidents in the zereba was the wounded General tended by his friends, two or three of whom wept like men, silently. Poor St. Leger Herbert, the *Morning Post* correspondent, one of these, was himself shot dead shortly afterwards.

"The mound on our front was quickly turned into a detached work, forty volunteers, carrying boxes and pack-saddles, rushing out, and, in a short space of time, converting it into a strongly defensible post. Gradually, the enemy's riflemen crept nearer, and our skirmishers were sent out to

engage them. They were too numerous to drive away; and the nature of the ground, and the high trajectory of their Remingtons, enabled the Arabs to drop their bullets into the square at all points. Soldiers lying behind camels and saddle-packs were shot in the head by dropping bullets. Mr. Cameron, the *Standard* correspondent, was hit in the back and killed whilst sitting behind a camel, just as he was going to have lunch. The enemy were firing at ranges of from 700 to 2000 yards, and their practice was excellent. The zip, ping, and thud of the leaden hail was continuous; and, while the camels were

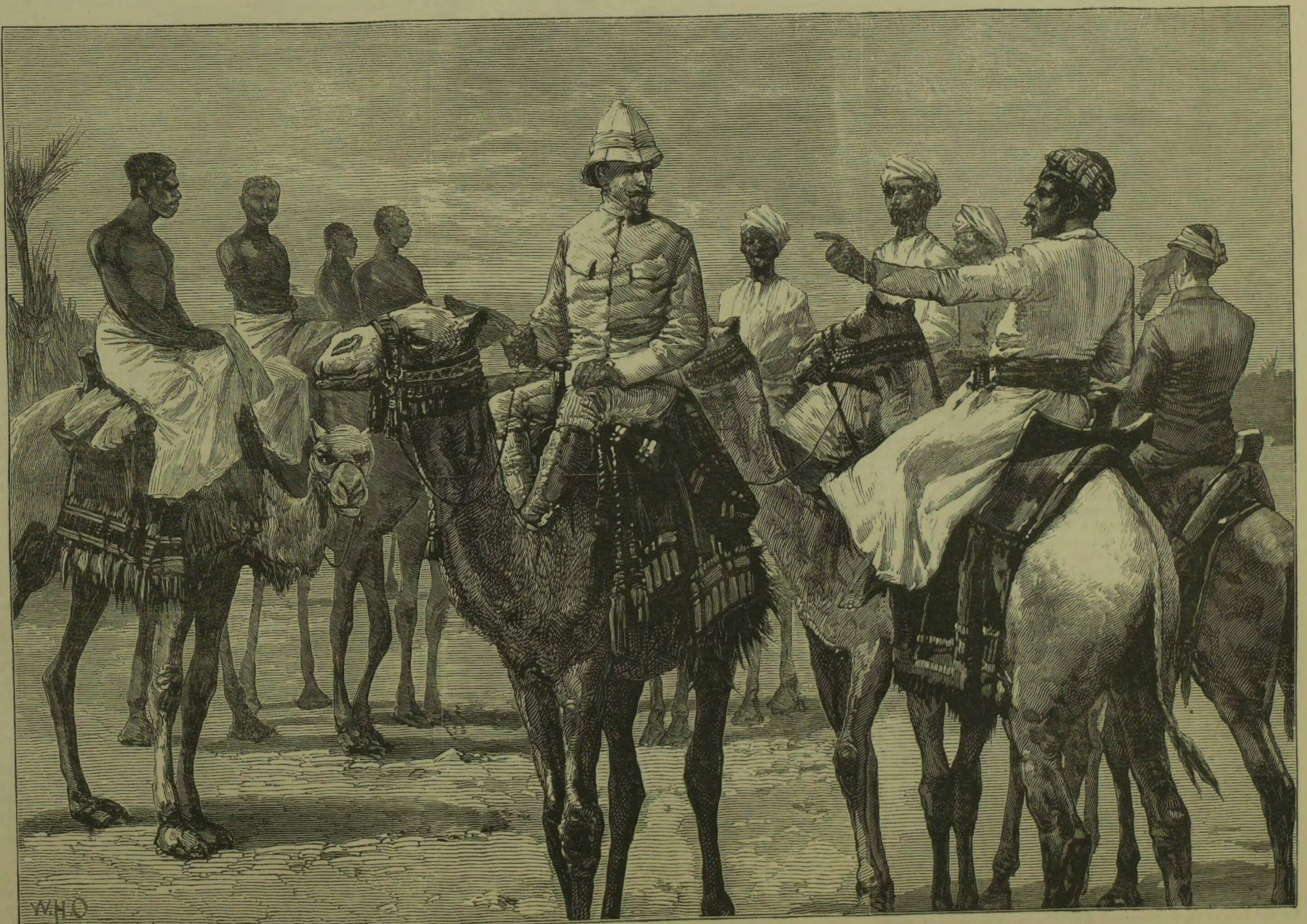


CHRISTMAS EVE AT KORTI: CLEARING THE GROUND AND PREPARING FOR THE BONFIRE.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



FATIGUE PARTY OF THE BLACK WATCH (42ND HIGHLANDERS).



MAJOR KITCHENER, WITH HIS GUIDES, AT KORTI, JUST BEFORE THE START ACROSS THE DESERT.

killed in numbers, our soldiers did not escape, over forty having to be carried to the hospital, sheltered as well as possible in the centre of the square behind a wall of saddles, bags, and boxes. As a precaution against stampede, the poor camels were tied down, their knees and necks securely bound by ropes to prevent their getting upon their legs. The enemy's fire increased in intensity; and, as stretcher after stretcher with its gory load was taken to the hospital, the space was found too little, and the wounded had to be laid outside. Surgeon-Major Ferguson, Dr. Briggs, and their colleagues had their skill and time taxed to the utmost. Want of water hampered their operations; doctors and patients were alike exposed to the enemy's fire.

"Our situation had become unbearable. We were being fired at without a chance of returning blows with or without interest. The ten thousand warriors whom the Mahdi had sent from Omdurman to annihilate us were blocking our road to the Nile; and over a hundred Baggara, the horsemen of the Soudan, and crowds of villagers, who had joined Mohamed Ahmed's crusade, hung like furnished wolves on our rear and flanks, awaiting an opportunity to slay. Apparently, they were emboldened by our defensive preparations.

"There were three courses open to us—to sally forth and fight our way to the Nile; to fight for the river, advancing stage by stage, with the help of zerebas and temporary works; or to strengthen our position, and try to withstand the Arabs and endure the lack of water, till Lord Wolseley should send a force to our assistance; we, meanwhile, sending a messenger or two back to Korti with the news. It was bravely decided to go out and engage the enemy at close quarters. At two p.m. the force was to march out in square, carrying nothing except ammunition and stretchers. Each man was to take a hundred rounds and to have his water-bottle full. Everything was put into thorough readiness for this enterprise. Lord Charles Beresford, with Major Barrow, remained in command of the inclosure, or zereba, containing the animals and stores. They had under them the Naval Contingent, the 19th Hussars, a party of Royal Engineers, and

Captain Norton's detachment of Royal Artillery, with three screw-guns, and details from regiments and men of the Commissariat and Transport Corps.

"It was nearly three o'clock before the square started, Sir Charles Wilson in command, and Colonel Boscawen acting as Executive Officer. Lord Airlie, who had been slightly wounded at Abou Klea, and again on the 19th, together with Major Wardroper, served upon Sir Charles's staff, as they had done upon General Stewart's. The square was formed to the east of our inclosed defence, the troops lying down as they were assigned their stations. The Guards formed the front, with the Marines on the right front corner, the Heavies on the right and right rear, the Sussex in the rear, and the Mounted Infantry on the left rear and left flank. Colonel Talbot led the Heavies; Major Barrow, the Hussars; Colonel Rowley, the Guards; Major Poë, the Marines; and Major Sunderland, the Sussex Regiment. Captain Verner, of the Rifle Brigade, was told off to direct the square in its march towards the river. When the order was given for the square to rise and advance, it moved off to the west to clear the outlying work.

"The instant the Arabs detected the forward movement on our part, they opened a terrific rifle-fire upon the square from the scrub on all sides. In the first few minutes many of our men were hit and fell. The wounded were with difficulty picked up and carried. When the square slowly marched, as if upon parade, down into the grass and scrub-covered hollow, intervening between the works we had constructed and the line of bare rising desert that bounded our view towards the south and east—shutting out of sight the river and the fertile border slopes—all felt the critical movement had come.

"Steadily the square descended into the valley. Gaps were made in our force by the enemy's fire. As man after man staggered and fell, these gaps were doggedly closed; and, without quickening the pace by one beat, onward our soldiers went. All were resolved to sell their lives dearly. Every now and again the square would halt, and the men would lie down, firing at their foes hidden in the valley. Those sheltered behind the desert crest were too safely screened to waste am-

munition upon at that stage. Wheeling to the right and swinging to the left our men fought like gladiators, without unnecessarily wasting strength or dealing a blow too many. A more glorious spectacle was never seen than this little band in broad daylight, on an open plain, seeking hand-to-hand conflict with the courageous, savage, and fanatical foe, who outnumbered us by twelve to one.

"As the square moved over the rolling ground, keeping its best fighting side—or rather its firing side—towards the great on-rushes of the Arabs, the soldiers swung around, as though the square pivoted on its centre. Once it entered ground too thickly covered by grass and scrub, halted, and coolly swung round and marched out upon the more open ground, with the Arabs to the right front, their 'tom-toms' beating, and their sacred battle-flags of red, white, and green flying in the air.

"Bearing banners lettered with verses from the Koran, a host of fanatic Arabs was the first to hurl its swordsmen and spearmen upon the square. The column wheeled to receive them, and the men, by their officers' direction, fired volleys by companies, scarcely any independent firing being permitted. The wild dervishes and fanatics who led the charge went down in scores before our fire, which was opened on them at 700 yards, and none of the enemy got within some yards of the square. This checked their ardour, which had been excited by seeing the gaps in our ranks. Three more charges were attempted by the enemy at other points along the line of the square's advance.

"At half-past four, after nearly two hours' incessant fighting, as the column neared the south-easterly edge of the valley to pass out of it, the Arabs made their final grand rush. Nearly 10,000 of them swept down from three sides towards the square, their main body—numbering not fewer than 5000—coming upon our left face. It was a critical moment. Their fire had made fresh gaps in our ranks, and fierce human waves were rolling in upon every side to overwhelm our force. Down the Arabs came from behind the ridge at a trot, and not at the top of their speed, as the Madendowas charge. Gallant horsemen and wild dervishes led them, and shouted to their

ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics kept 100 feet above water.

↓ No temple

River View of Semneh Cataract



FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT DE LISLE, R.N.

followers to rush on in Allah's name and destroy us. Firm as a rock, the square stood steadily, aimed deliberately, and fired. Again and again had volleys to be sent into the yelling hordes as down they poured. The feeling was—Could they be stopped before closing with us? Their fleetest and luckiest, however, did not get within twenty-five yards before death overtook them; while the bulk of the enemy were still a hundred yards away. At last—God be thanked!—they hesitate, stop, turn, and run back. Victory is ours, and the British column is safe! The broken lines of Arabs sullenly retreated towards Metammeh; but our square had to gain the ridge before escaping from their sharpshooters' fire, or getting a chance of punishing the daring foe. Without further opposition, the British advanced to the river, and encamped in a sheltered ravine for the night; the men lying down with their arms, and strong outposts being on the alert against any surprise. Every man drank freely of the refreshing water, and, exhausted by the hardships endured, slept soundly, grateful that the enemy left them undisturbed for that night."

#### POSITION OF THE ADVANCED FORCE.

Gubat, on the left bank of the Nile two miles above Metammeh, and ninety-eight miles below Khartoum, is the site of the fortified camp occupied since Jan. 19, by the troops under command of Colonel Boscawen. General Sir Herbert Stewart, with other wounded officers, is in a steam-boat on the river. General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., when he arrives with the Royal Irish Regiment, will take command of the advanced force; he started from Korti on Thursday week. Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., with twenty men of the Sussex Regiment, went up to Khartoum by one of the steam-boats on Saturday, the 24th, and it is probable that he has arranged future movements with General Gordon. His return to the camp has been eagerly expected. The safety of the camp at Gubat is not doubtful, or the sufficiency of its provision supplies. Its stores of ammunition are superabundant, and there is not the slightest risk of their being annoyed by the two or three thousand Arabs who are watching them, quite close by, behind the mud walls of Metammeh village.

Since the desperate battle of the 19th, the Arabs have once marched out from the fortified village towards Stewart's intrenchments, but when they saw the English come out to meet them, they prudently retired. Provisions must have been sent to Metammeh from Gakdul; a quantity of stores was brought down by Gordon's steamers; and the Nile banks about the intrenchment, with the island in rear of the English lines, contain large supplies of grain and cattle. The advanced brigade may therefore be fairly described as tolerably well off. No sickness has broken out in camp, and the wounded are making satisfactory progress to recovery. The village of Gubat consists of 130 houses, and has 700 inhabitants. It is surrounded by vegetable gardens, which supply the population of Shendy. Here is also a burying-ground containing some graves sacred to the Mohammedan world, those of saints who lived and preached at Shendy, as well as local chieftains and dervishes. The place is visited by all caravan travellers. Under Ismail Pasha a good road was commenced from Metammeh towards Khartoum, but it was completed only as far as El Hadjir; but on the other bank there is an excellent road all the way to Khartoum.

The appearance of General Gordon's steamers was dirty and much battered, though protected by wooden screens. They were, however, full of goats and grain supplies. The crews have their families on board, and all manifested great delight on the arrival of the British troops, by letting off rockets throughout the night and by singing and dancing. The steamers have each a kind of crow's-nest high up on the mast, which is used by the look-out man.

The Royal Irish Regiment started from Korti on foot on Wednesday week, with their baggage and water supplies carried on camels. The next regiment to follow will be the West Kent. On the Desert sands a rate of twenty miles a day would not be considered too great. It could be done if there were urgent need of reinforcements at Gubat; but as the Gubat brigade appears to be anything but harassed by the enemy, a marching rate of fifteen miles is supposed to be sufficient for Sir Redvers Buller's column. The distance from Korti to Gubat is 180 miles.

#### GENERAL EARLE'S MOVEMENT TOWARDS ABOU AHMED.

Our readers will not have forgotten that a separate advance has been undertaken by General Earle, with a large portion of Lord Wolseley's army, going in boats up the Nile from Korti, north-east to Abou Ahmed, in order to secure the Nubian Desert route from Korosko, and to proceed afterwards in a southerly direction to Berber. It was expected that they would have to fight the hostile Monassir tribe at Birti, above the Fourth Cataract, but this week's news, forwarded by Lord Wolseley from Korti, seems to make it likely that no resistance will be made to the advance so far as Abou Ahmed. On Sunday morning General Earle, with Colonel Butler, a squadron of the 19th Hussars, the Egyptian Camel Corps, and half a battalion of the Black Watch, reconnoitred the enemy's position at Birti. Finding that all was quiet, they pushed on and entered the village, and discovered that the enemy had evacuated the place, leaving behind only some women, old men, and their stores of grain, and cattle. They seem to have been alarmed by the numerous flotilla of boats, and the occupation of both banks of the river by our advancing troops. Several influential sheikhs of the Monassir tribe, and two uncles of Suleiman Wad Gamr, the chieftain who murdered Colonel J. D. Stewart and Mr. Frank Power, have given themselves up. It is stated that the Arabs have retreated direct to Berber. Upon this point all the prisoners speak positively, and say that some of the Berber troops were with Suleiman. Their retirement to Berber will enable the communications to be opened up between Korosko and Abou Hamed, and will permit of stores being sent on to us there across the Desert.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mr. Melton Prior, the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, is with the advanced force at the intrenched camp of Gubat, unless he has already gone up to Khartoum; he accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's march across the Desert, and was present at the battle of Abou Klea on Jan. 17, and at the battle on the 19th, where his friend and

comrade, Mr. Cameron, Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, was killed. We shall no doubt receive from Mr. Prior, as soon as possible, abundance of sketches of these incidents of the campaign; but our readers will bear in mind that sketches cannot be sent home so quickly as the verbal narratives of newspaper correspondents, which are telegraphed from Korti to London. The illustrations presented this week are therefore of a date some few days before the final advance of Sir Herbert Stewart's complete force; and the scene at Gakdul Wells is that of the arrival of the first column of troops. The Guards' division of the Camel Corps is shown on the march in the Desert; and Major Kitchener, with his Guides, preparing to lead the way, and to discover the unknown route. Some of the scenes in the head-quarters' camp at Korti, represented by our Special Artist's sketches, are highly characteristic of this singular military Expedition. The drilling of the Camel Corps, and especially training those strange beasts to endure the alarm of a cavalry charge passing close to the formed square, was a very curious sight for British soldiers. Lord Wolseley's frequent inspections of each part of the force at Korti; the fatigue party of the Highlanders (42nd Black Watch) who have since followed General Earle up the Nile; the Christmas entertainments heartily enjoyed by all the men, including an amateur concert, at which a sailor gave a song; the lighting of a grand bonfire, and the boiling of the Christmas pudding; the bivouac of the Special Correspondents, not in tents, but with the scanty shelter of a few blankets suspended between the trees—these and other features of campaigning life in the Soudan are cleverly delineated by our Special Artist. The cataracts of the Nile, so far as his present experiences are concerned, seem to be left entirely behind; he is no longer among the boats in their toilsome struggle with the rapid current and the labyrinth of rocks; but we have added two of his sketches of the river banks, those of the old Fort at Debbah, and of Hannek, the reputed birth-place of the Mahdi, which is not far above Korti in going up to Merawi.

### GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART, K.C.B.

The march of the advanced brigade of the British army from Korti, across the Bayda Desert, to the banks of the Nile near Metammeh, with the hard-fought battles of Jan. 17, at Abou Klea, and Jan. 19, not far from the river, is a brilliant military achievement. Colonel Sir Herbert Stewart, acting as Brigadier-General, has won high renown by this important service, for which he had prepared the way by his former march, with a smaller force, as far as Gakdul Wells, establishing stations and garrisons along the route. Lord Wolseley, in his despatch published last week, expressing his regret that Sir Herbert Stewart was severely wounded on Jan. 19, commended him in very high terms; and a message from the Queen, thanking her brave troops and their commander, while expressing likewise her deep concern for their losses and sufferings, announced that he would be promoted. The War Office has accordingly notified the promotion of "Major and Colonel Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., 3rd Dragoon Guards, Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, now a Brigadier-General on the Staff with the force on the Nile, to be Major-General in the Army, for distinguished service in the field."

Sir Herbert Stewart is forty-two years of age; he is a son of the late Rev. Edward Stewart, an Irish clergyman; his mother being Louisa Anne, daughter of Mr. C. J. Herbert, of Muckross Abbey, county Kerry. He was educated at Winchester College, entered the Army in 1863, and in less than three years was Adjutant of the infantry corps which he had joined. Thence he exchanged into the cavalry, entered the Staff College, and passed with credit and distinction. Stewart was constantly employed in the Zulu War, first as Brigade Major of Cavalry, and then as Chief of the Staff to Baker Russell in the storming of Sekukuni's stronghold. All this was under the personal observation of Wolseley, whose Military Secretary and Chief of the Staff Stewart had become at the conclusion of the Zulu campaign. The brief and disastrous war on the border of the Transvaal, in January, 1881, brought him very different experiences; he was Adjutant and Quartermaster-General with the ill-fated General Colley on Majuba Hill. Another staff appointment was secured for him by Lord Wolseley, who had known him from the earliest stage of his military career. Among the appointments made on the organisation of the army for the Egyptian war in 1882, one of the first was that of Stewart to the staff of Sir Drury-Lowe, who had command of the cavalry division. A romantic incident of the Egyptian campaign was General Drury-Lowe's brilliant ride through the Desert to Cairo, after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. When the Egyptians sent out a white flag to meet the advancing British force, it was Colonel Stewart who, at the head of a hundred Lancers and Dragoons, demanded and received the surrender of the citadel, and it was to him that Arabi Pasha offered to give up his sword. In Lord Wolseley's despatch, the following passage is not the least memorable:—"Before passing from the cavalry division I must bring prominently to your notice the name of Lieutenant-Colonel H. Stewart, 3rd Dragoon Guards, Assistant Adjutant-General to the Cavalry Division, one of the best staff officers I have ever known, and one whom I feel it will be in the interest of the Army to promote. General Drury-Lowe has written to me about him in the highest terms, especially remarking upon the tact with which he conducted the surrender of Cairo, and of the garrison of that city." Lord Granville, then moving the thanks of the House of Lords to the troops, said: "The cavalry and artillery march to Cairo, which crowned the operations, especially excited the admiration and the curiosity of the German military authorities;" and a similar tribute was paid by Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, to the gallant body of cavalry by which Cairo was seized, on the evening of Sept. 14, 1882, after a march of thirty-nine miles under the burning Egyptian sun. Colonel Stewart was made a Companion of the Bath. When General Graham went to Souakim, in February last year, he was accompanied by Colonel Stewart, who with his horsemen bore a conspicuous part in retrieving the fortunes of the day at Tamasi, when the Arab charge broke the first square. He was most anxious to take the Hussars across the Desert to Berber; but this project was forbidden by the Government. He was raised to the dignity of K.C.B., before accompanying Lord Wolseley on the present expedition up the Nile. Sir Herbert Stewart married, in 1877, Lady Tombs, widow of Major-General Sir Henry Tombs, and daughter of Admiral Sir James Stirling. His wound being likely to prevent him from rendering further active service in this campaign, Major-General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., K.C.B., has been sent to succeed him in command of the advanced force at Gubat and probably at Khartoum.

Our Portrait of Sir Herbert Stewart is from a photograph by Mr. Chancellor, of Dublin.

In order to commemorate the great public services of the late Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, his friends have raised by subscription a fund exceeding twelve thousand five hundred pounds. This fund will be for the benefit of his widow and children.

### THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.

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Season under the direction of  
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EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, *SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*, produced under the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Weatherly, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sotherton, and Mrs. LANGTRY.  
Doors open at Half-past Seven; *SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL* at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3700.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

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EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE also.  
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TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNAVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN.  
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All New and beautiful Songs.  
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ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).  
Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.  
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MILITARY BAND.  
Performances in the New Annex at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).  
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In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accurat, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.  
The services of the following distinguished Artists have been already retained:—  
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Messieurs, Faure, Vergnet, Capoul, Borkstein, Couturier, Villaret, &c.  
Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:  
VIOLINISTS: Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.  
PIANISTS: Mons. Plante, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.  
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.  
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:—

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LUCIA.	selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
5th "	FALST.	Prison Scene.
6th "	HERODIADE.	selection.
7th "	FAVORITE.	Third Act.
8th "	LAKME.	selection.
9th "	LE BARBIER.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th "	HAMLET.	Fourth Act.
11th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Garden Scene.
12th "	FAUST.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE SIGURD.	
	LE CHALET.	

**TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.**  
The following is the Programme:—  
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.

Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 10: Prix Lafont. A Pourse of 500f. and a Pourse of 50f.  
Feb. 12: Prix Esterhazy. An object of Art and a Pourse of 50f.  
Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Pourse of 500f. and a Pourse of 50f.  
Feb. 21: Prix Camauer. An object of Art and a Pourse of 50f.  
Feb. 24: Prix Devron. A Pourse of 500f. and a Pourse of 50f.  
Feb. 28: Prix Bori. An object of Art and a Pourse of 50f.  
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Pourse of 500f. and a Pourse of 50f.  
Mar. 7: Prix Paton. An object of Art and a Pourse of 50f.  
Mar. 10: Prix W. Call. A Pourse of 500f., added to a Pourse of 50f.

**GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.**  
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Pourse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 200f.  
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

**NEWS FROM NICE.—**With the exception of a very few wet and cold days, the weather is again splendid. Not a flake of snow has fallen. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by impaired health sought its influence.

There are no epidemics, and the average mortality of the city in 1884 was less per mille than London and many fashionable towns in England. The streets, roads, and sewers are constantly cleansed and disinfected, and watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie. There are three English doctors and physicians in practice here—viz., Messrs. West, Wakefield, and Sturge, and they will be happy to communicate with any intending visitors as to the healthfulness of the town.

The effects of the recent storm (the like of which has been unknown for thirty-five years) were comparatively trifling, and repaired in twenty-four hours. In some few low-lying rooms and cellars, near the Fish Market, the wash from the spent waves had entered, but this was soon pumped out by the firemen and military. Visitors are hastening in increasing numbers, as is their wont at this season, and the approach of Carnival, which repeats itself in the best record. The Municipal Theatre will open immediately, and the Théâtre Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo continues the able Director, has several Star Artists for the Opera Comique, and an excellent Troupe de Comédie.

The Carnival and Regatta will be fully announced with other fêtes.  
Nice, Jan. 30, 1885.

### NICE CARNIVAL, February 1 to 17.

#### CORSO CARNIVALESQUE.

Masked Revelries, Promenade of Allegorical Cars, Cavalcades, Masquerades.

**CORSO DE GALA.**  
Bataille de Fleurs, Bataille de Confetti.

Veglione, Masked and Costume Balls, Grand Charity Fancy Fair.

Moccoletti, Serenades, Torchlight Parades, Electric Lights, Fireworks, Illuminations.

Distribution of £2400 in Prizes.

President, Monsieur LE COMTE DE CESSOLE.  
Secretary, M. A. SAETONE. Treasurer, BARON ROISSARD DU BELLET.

### MENTON.—CARNIVAL, FEB. 14 and 16.

#### GRAND CORSO DE GALA.

Battle of Flowers and Confetti.

Cavalcades, Masquerades, Cars, Decorated Carriages, &c.

**FÊTE DE NUIT.**

Concert. Moccoletti. Illuminations.

**SECOND DAY, FEB. 16.**

Grand Corso.

Battle of Flowers.

Proclamation of Prizes, 5600 francs.

Illuminations, Fireworks, and Torchlight Processions.

Burning of the Carnival.

Grand International Regattas will follow.

### MARRIAGES.

On the 28th ult., at St. Stephen's Church, South Dulwich, by the Rev. J. Meek Clark, assisted by the Rev. S. F. Bridge, Sydney Chesshyre, second son of Thomas Lynn Bristowe, Esq., of Dulwich Hill House, to Ethel Susan Graham, only daughter of William Paterson, Esq., of Beech Grove, Sydenham-hill.

On the 24th ult., at Rawal Pindi, Punjab, Henry Tanner Ferguson, M.Inst.C.E., to Beatrice Madeline Erskine, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Maule Cole, M.A., Vicar of Wetwang, York, and niece of the Earl of Mar.

### DEATHS.

On the 28th ult., at Carlton-crescent, Southampton, after a brief illness, Emily Eugenia, Dowager Lady Ramsay, of Bamf, aged 78.

On the 31st ult., at Datchet House, Bucks, in her 87th year, Lady Alicia Mary Bristowe, sixth daughter of Francis Jack, first Earl of Kilmorey, and widow of the late Samuel Ellis Bristowe, Esq., of Beesthorpe, Notts.

\*. The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

### POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Two-pence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America; *Three-pence* to China (via Brindisi), and India; and *Four-pence* to the Transvaal.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Now ready,  
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198, Strand.

### GENERAL GORDON'S DESPATCH FROM KHARTOUM.

In Lord Wolseley's telegraphed despatch of Jan. 28 from Korti, which we published last week, he says, "I have had no letters of any importance from General Gordon. The most recent, dated Dec. 29, contains merely one line, saying, 'Khartoum all right—could hold out for years.'" A preceding despatch of Gordon's, received by Lord Wolseley on Jan. 1, was mentioned at the time; and it was described as written on a very diminutive scrap of paper, which a native messenger could secret about his person, half-naked as he was, in his perilous lonely journey across the Desert. The man was actually stopped by some hostile Arabs, bound, searched, and beaten, but managed to keep this tiny missive undiscovered, and to bring it safely to Korti. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was permitted by the Commander-in-Chief to make a copy of the letter, which is written on both sides, in Arabic and English, and we present a facsimile, of the exact size. "Khartoum all right," with Gordon's signature, and with the date of Dec. 14, was sufficient a month ago to give us satisfactory assurance that it was not too late for the successful attainment of the objects of the Expedition.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER  
RECEIVED FROM  
GENERAL GORDON.

### OFFICERS KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

We give the Portraits of two more of the officers who accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force to Abou Klea, and were killed in the recent actions. Other Portraits will appear in our next.

Lieutenant Richard Wolfe, 2nd Dragoon Guards (Royal Scots Greys), became Cornet in 1878, and Lieutenant in the following year; he was of an Irish family, and had inherited a landed estate at Forenaughts, county Kildare.

Lieutenant James Dunbar Guthrie, Royal Horse Artillery, who has likewise died of his wounds, obtained his commission on Jan. 25, 1877.

Major W. H. Atherton, of the 5th Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte's of Wales), whose Portrait was given in our last, had served as a volunteer with the 4th Dragoon Guards in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and took part in the battles of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, and in the subsequent march to Cairo. He was the second son of the late Sir William Atherton, M.P. He entered the 5th Dragoon Guards, as Lieutenant, in 1874; was made Captain in 1879, and Major in 1884. Being just thirty years of age at the time of his death, Major Atherton was the youngest officer of his standing in the service.

We have engraved the Portrait of Lieutenant Wolfe from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde, of Regent-street; that of Mr. J. A. Cameron, from one by the London Stereoscopic Company; and that of Lieutenant Guthrie, from one by Mr. O. Schoefft, of Cairo.

### A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT DE LISLE.

In our brief memoir, last week, of the late Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, R.N., who was killed at the battle of Abou Klea on the 17th ult., it was mentioned that the *Illustrated London News* had been indebted to his skill as an amateur artist for some very good sketches of the cataracts or rapids of the Nile, and of the labours and perils which were encountered in getting the hundreds of whale-boats, the "nuggahs" or Nile barges, and two or three steam-boats and steam-launches, up the most difficult parts of the river. This lamented young naval officer, as well as Commander Alfred Pigott, R.N., who fell in the same day's fighting, had rendered great assistance to Lord Wolseley's Expedition on the Nile, as far as Dongola, and had subsequently volunteered with the Naval Brigade to accompany Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force on the march across the Desert from Korti to Metammeh. We now present a specimen of Lieutenant De Lisle's talent as an artist, being the facsimile, somewhat reduced in size, of one of the original sketches already reproduced among our Engravings, which will be interesting to his friends and acquaintance, and is an example of the serviceable contributions often made to this Journal by accomplished officers of the Army and Navy, very much to the benefit of our readers.

Besides the fashionable marriages recorded on page 160, the following have recently taken place:—The marriage of Viscount Torrington with Miss Emmeline St. Maur Seymour, third daughter of the Rev. Henry Seymour, Rector of Holmes Pierpoint; and of Viscount Sherbrooke with Miss Sneyd, of Calderwood House.



1. Wells of water, very dark, in this ravine.

2. Guards in double column leading the troops.

3. Camels and Transport Corps.

4. Mounted Infantry bringing up the rear.

5. Troopers of the 19th Hussars scouting.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION: ARRIVAL OF FIRST COLUMN AT THE WELLS OF GAKDUL.

A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION.



R. Caton Woodville

A CONVOY OF WOUNDED.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 3.

The calendar is, as usual, in contradiction with the weather, and, as if influenced by our nineteenth-century haste to live, February begins with March winds and April showers and soft vernal breezes. In Paris the harbingers of spring are not those celebrated by the poets Virgil and Thomson, but simply a variety of picture exhibitions, minor "Salons" at clubs and elsewhere, where society meets to gossip of an afternoon and to criticise Carolus Duran's portrait of the Comtesse X, or Cabanel's portrait of the Duchesse Z. At the clubs of the Rue Volney and of the Place Vendôme, all the eminent artists, including even the great and greatly over-rated Meissonier, exhibit; but the most important and interesting of all the picture exhibitions now open is that of the Water-Colour Society in the Rue de Sèze. The thirty members of this Society exhibit 176 water colours and fifty-six drawings, not one of which can be said to be mediocre. Detaille's studies of the Russian army and De Neuville's military subjects are full of masterly observation; Madame Madeleine Lemaire's flowers and figure subjects are novel and graceful; MM. Heilbuth, Dubuge, Le Blant, Français, Worms, Harpignies, Delort, have all made a successful effort to get out of the ordinary rut; and the society has made some valuable recruits in MM. Maurice, Courant, Maignan, Gros, Yon, and Adrien Moreau. M. Vibert, the president and founder of this society, which is in the seventh year of its existence, has invented a new water-colour process, which has the advantage of being as imperishable as oil painting; its only disadvantage, and that is a great one, is that it is opaque, whereas the great charm and characteristic of water colour is its transparency.

Politics remain uninteresting for the moment, the Deputies being busy with the Budget, and the Senators with the verification of the powers of new members and the formation of the bureau. In the Chamber an important incident happened yesterday, when, on the proposition of M. Ballue, secret voting was abolished by 418 against 13. The object immediately aimed at is to have an open vote on the forthcoming debate on the *scrutin de liste*. The probabilities of a dissolution of Parliament at no distant date are increasing.

The Prince of Wales, passing through this city on his way to Cannes, called yesterday upon President Grévy, who shortly afterwards returned His Royal Highness's visit at the Hôtel Bristol. The Prince attended the performance of "Théodora" last night.

The Paris Municipal Council agreed yesterday to the purchase, for 963,000*fr.*, of springs in Burgundy, Normandy, and Brie, with a view to the improvement of the water supply. The scheme is estimated to cost 80 millions, and to comprise two aqueducts, of a total length of 120 kilometres.

The forthcoming exhibition of 1889 is bringing forth all kinds of projects. One of the latest and most novel is the "sun column." A palace 66 metres high would be constructed in the centre of Paris, and serve at the same time as an engine-house and as a permanent electrical museum. On this foundation would be placed a colossal column with a basement 35 metres in diameter, and at the summit of the column an electric light surmounted by a statue of the genius of science, whose head would be 360 metres from the ground, over 1000 ft. high. The column would have a hollow space of 8 metres diameter in the centre, and at different levels there would be dwellings for aeropathic treatment, so that people would no longer have to go to Switzerland or the Pyrenees. This tower of Babel, besides being a monument of the centenary of the Revolution of 1789, would, according to the projector, M. Bourdais, light all Paris and be a great economy to the city. At present the lighting of Paris costs 120,000*fr.* a day; the electric sun column would cost 4500*fr.* a day. On the other hand, if water-power were used instead of coal and steam-power, the cost would be reduced to the simple keeping up of the machinery and personnel. The project is certainly curious, and, in the present stage of science, there seems to be no reason why it could not be executed.

M. Dupuy De Lôme, the eminent French naval engineer, senator, and member of the Institute, died last week, at the age of sixty-nine. M. Dupuy De Lôme, after studying ship-building in England, constructed, at Toulon, the first rapid screw-steamer, the *Napoleon*, which rendered eminent service in the Crimean war, and in 1856 the first iron-clad frigate, *La Gloire*, which ever figured in the navy of any country. *La Gloire*, it is needless to say, revolutionised the navies of the world. M. Dupuy De Lôme also occupied himself with the problem of aerial navigation, and constructed a balloon with a screw-propeller, which was to have served during the siege of Paris.

The latest novelty in Parisian amusements is a company of Viennese girls who have been trained in all the finesses of fencing by Professor Hurlt, of Vienna. The assault given at the Cirque d'Été last night was a great success, and the exercises of the young Viennese ladies were found to be very graceful. Professor Hurlt has set himself the task of proving that fencing is the best and cheapest exercise for women, as it is for men.—The candidates for the seat left vacant in the French Academy by the death of Edmond About are the lawyer M. Allou, the greatest French forensic orator; M. Bardoux, ex-Minister; M. Henri De Bornier, poet and dramatist; M. Gustave Droz, author of "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé"; M. Ferdinand Fabre, the novelist of French religious and clerical life; M. Eugène Manuel, professor and poet; and M. Léon Say, ex-Minister, friend of the Rothschilds, a formidable economist, and a man who would like not only to be member of the Academy, but also President of the Republic.

T. C.

The Belgian Ministry, with the consent of the Chambers, has re-established the Belgian Embassy to the Vatican.

Princess Mary of Prussia, widow of Prince Henry of Holland, has been betrothed to Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg.

The Bulgarian Chamber has voted the bill for the reorganisation of the National Bank. The Government will deposit 10,000,000*fr.* in gold in the bank, which will be authorised to issue notes to the amount of 20,000,000*fr.*

The first State ball of the season was given at Vienna, on Thursday week. It was attended by all the members of the Diplomatic Corps, including the new Chinese Minister. The Emperor and Empress entered the rooms at half-past nine, arm-in-arm, followed by their Imperial relatives. The Crown Prince and Princess were both slightly indisposed, and were unable to attend.—In the Hungarian Diet the Estimates of the Ministry of Justice have been discussed and accepted.

The annual Court Ball at the Royal Opera-House, Berlin, after being twice postponed on account of the Emperor's recent illness, took place on Tuesday, and proved a brilliant success. This festivity, which is the great event of the Berlin season, is always attended by the élite of the aristocracy and the diplomatic, military, and official world, numbering some 3000 persons, who fill all parts of the Opera-House, which presents a dazzling sight. Both the stage and auditorium are combined to form one great ball-room. The Court appeared after nine o'clock, and the ball then opened with the polonaise,

in which only the members of the Royal family and Court took part, and during which the opera choir, stationed in the gallery, sung a chorus to the band accompaniment. The Emperor, who looked in excellent health and spirits, led the Crown Princess, followed by the Crown Prince, with Princess William, Prince William, Princess Frederick Charles, Prince Frederick Charles, and Princess Victoria. Many foreign Ambassadors and members of the Conference were present, with their ladies.

The Norwegian Storthing was opened on Tuesday by the Crown Prince, the Crown Princess being also present. The speech from the Throne announces the introduction of several bills, including a measure relating to military service, and one for amending the present system of criminal procedure. The financial condition of the country is described as satisfactory.

President Arthur, in a message sent to Congress, suggests that the Arctic exploring-vessel *Alert*, presented by the British Government to the United States, shall now be returned with suitable acknowledgments. The President further recommends that he be authorised to return the vessel.—The Nicaraguan Treaty has been defeated in the Senate by 32 to 23 votes.—O'Donovan Rossa and his followers held a meeting on Sunday night, and rejoiced loudly over the London explosions. There is said to be great excitement among the St. Louis dynamiters because of the disclosures about Cunningham. Threats were made to assassinate the Irishman who made those disclosures, if he can be discovered.—Affairs, however, took quite another turn on the following day. An attempt was made to murder O'Donovan Rossa, in Chambers-street, New York, on Monday afternoon, by a young woman who fired at him five times with a revolver, but only one bullet entered his body. She was handed over to the police. She gave the name of Yseult Dudley, and said she was an Englishwoman and a widow. It is announced by the surgeons in attendance on O'Donovan Rossa that the wound he has sustained is not of a dangerous character. At the Tombs Police Court Mrs. Dudley was on Tuesday charged with attempting his life, and was remanded for further inquiries after some formal evidence had been given. O'Donovan Rossa says that she had proposed to subscribe to the dynamite fund, and was walking with him conversing, when she dropped behind and shot him. The excitement caused by the dynamite outrages led to a free fight on Tuesday amongst the Irish agitators in a public hall in New York. The riot lasted two hours, and was eventually quelled with great difficulty by the police, many arrests being made, including that of Herr Schwab, a German Socialist ringleader.

The Dominion Parliament was opened on Thursday week by the Governor-General, who, in his speech on the occasion, announced that several measures of importance would be submitted for consideration. During the past year the revenue of Canada had exceeded the expenditure chargeable to the Consolidated revenues. Lord Lansdowne suggested that the Dominion should be represented at the forthcoming International Exhibitions at Antwerp and London.—The Canadian papers say it is understood that the Dominion and Manitoba Governments have arrived at an agreement relative to the financial arrangements between the two parties, which will go into effect from Jan. 1. It is in substance that, in lieu of her lands, which are held and administered as Dominion lands, the province of Manitoba shall receive an annual grant of 100,000*dols.* instead of 45,000*dols.*, as now; and that this shall be regarded as a final settlement of the land question. The province is also to be put in possession of all the swamp lands within her borders, instead of one half the swamp area, as heretofore. In addition to this, Manitoba already holds one-eighth of her area as school lands.

A telegram from Capetown says that Sir Charles Warren and President Kruger have come to an understanding. There is every prospect of peace, but the troops continue to advance.

Mr. Service, the Prime Minister of Victoria, has sent to the Governor a strongly-worded protest against the vacillation of her Majesty's Government in regard to New Guinea.

The Hon. Francis J. Pakenham, Minister Resident in Chili, has been appointed her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Buenos Ayres.

An exhibition of Persian, Damascus, and Rhodian works of art, from various private collections, will be held at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club during March and April.

General Sir J. Henry Lefroy has been elected a member of the council of the Royal Colonial Institute, in the room of Sir George MacLeay, who has retired.

On Tuesday the first Levée given this season by Earl Spencer was held in Dublin Castle, and was very largely attended. Owing to information received, extraordinary precautions were taken to protect the place.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. announce the sale by auction of the copyright of Mr. Stanford's two operas, "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Savonarola." These works cost the publishers £1200 each, and the latter is still unpublished. They will be sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 24th inst.

The Brompton Hospital entertainment on Tuesday evening was under the direction of Mr. Walter Clifford. For the first part the popular triumverette, "Cox and Box," was given—Cox being personated by Mr. Walter Clifford, Box by Mr. Eric Lewis, and Sergeant Bouncer by Mr. Richard Temple, of the Savoy Theatre. The second part consisted of a miscellaneous concert, the artists being Madame Osborne Williams, Mrs. W. Weblyn, Mr. Osborne Williams, Mr. Orlando Harley, Mr. Fred Mervin, and Mr. Walter Clifford.

On Monday, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, a most interesting exhibition was opened, comprising original drawings by Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, and the Brothers Adam, with many others by Sir Jeffry Wyattville, Nash, Pugin, Barry, Cockerell, Gilbert Scott, G. E. Street (the architect of the New Law Courts), W. Burges, Professor Ruskin, and more also of typical importance. The Queen and the Duke of Devonshire are among the contributors. Mr. Maurice B. Adams, who has brought the collection together, read a paper in the evening on "Architectural Drawings," by invitation of the council, and the exhibition remains open all the week.

Last week 2727 births and 1885 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 107 and the deaths 51 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 29 from smallpox, 16 from measles, 19 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, 60 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 13 from enteric fever, 1 from ill-defined form of continued fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 609, 552, and 513 in the three preceding weeks, rose again to 556 last week, and exceeded the corrected average by 16. Different forms of violence caused 53 deaths: 50 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, 2 of labourers at lead-works from lead poisoning, and 16 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Two cases of suicide were registered.

## OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT.

The Right Hon. John Edward Leveson Jervis, fourth Viscount

St. Vincent, of Menford, in the county of Stafford, died of the wounds he received at Abou Klea on the 17th ult. He was born April 3, 1850, the eldest son of Carnegie Robert John, third Viscount, by Lucy Charlotte, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. John Baskerville Glegg, of Withington Hall, Cheshire. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the Army, in the 7th Hussars, in 1871. He afterwards changed into the 16th Lancers, and became Captain in 1881. This gallant and promising officer served in the Zulu war of 1879, and was present in the engagements at the Zuinguin Mountain and Ulundi, for which he had the medal and clasp. In 1880 he was in the expedition against the Marrees, in Afghan; in 1881, in the Boer war; and in 1882, in the Egyptian campaign. He was a fearless soldier, an amiable, genial friend, and a popular sportsman. He was not married, and consequently his next brother, Carnegie Parker, becomes fifth Viscount St. Vincent. The title was originally granted in 1801, with a special limitation to the famous Admiral Sir John Jervis, who had previously been given an earldom in requital of his brilliant victory off Cape St. Vincent.

LORD O'HAGAN, K.P.

The Right Hon. Thomas, Lord O'Hagan, of Tullahogue, in the

county of Tyrone, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, K.P., P.C., a Commissioner of National Education, and Vice-Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland, died on the 1st inst. He was born May 29, 1812, and claimed descent from the ancient Irish Sept of O'Hagan, of Tullahogue. Called to the Bar in 1836, he became soon distinguished for his eloquence, and was made a Queen's Counsel in 1849. In 1859, he was appointed Queen's Serjeant; from 1860 to 1861, held office as Solicitor-General for Ireland; and from 1861 to 1865, was Attorney-General. He was member for Tralee from 1863 to 1865. In the latter year, he was raised to the Bench as Judge of the Common Pleas, and in 1868 constituted Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He resigned in 1874, and was reappointed in 1880. In 1870, he had been created a Peer. On his final retirement, in January, 1882, he was enrolled a Knight of St. Patrick. He married, first, in 1836, Mary, daughter of Mr. Charles Hamilton Teeling, of Belfast, and by her (who died in 1868) had several children, all now deceased, except the youngest daughter, Frances, wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice O'Hagan. His Lordship married, secondly, in 1871, Alice Mary, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Colonel Towneley, of Towneley, county Lancaster, by Lady Caroline Harriet, his wife, daughter of the second Earl of Sefton, and had by her surviving issue, two sons and two daughters. The elder of the former, Thomas Towneley, now second Lord O'Hagan, was born Dec. 5, 1878. Brilliant as an orator, able and accomplished as a lawyer, and upright and consistent as a politician, Lord O'Hagan leaves behind him an unsullied reputation. In private life, his great personal gifts were enhanced by his warmth of heart, his benevolence, and the kindness of his nature. A portrait of Lord O'Hagan appeared in our Number for April 6, 1865.

SIR CORNWALLIS RICKETTS, BART.

Admiral Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, second Baronet, of Beaumont Leyes, in the county of Leicester, J.P., High Sheriff 1851, died at Florence on the 30th ult. He was born Feb. 27, 1803, entered the Royal Navy in 1816, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1877. He married, first, May 31, 1834, Henrietta, youngest daughter of Colonel John Tempest, of Tong Hall, county York; and secondly, Jan. 29, 1852, Lady Caroline Augusta Pelham Clinton, third daughter of the fourth Duke of Newcastle, and had issue by each. His eldest son by his first wife (who died Nov. 13, 1838) is now Sir Robert Tempest Tempest, third Baronet, of Tong Hall and Aughton, born Dec. 7, 1836, who assumed by Royal License, April 23, 1884, the surname and arms of Tempest in lieu of Ricketts. He married, July 26, 1861, Amelia Helen, eldest surviving daughter of Mr. John Steuart, of Dalguise, Perthshire, and was left a widower in 1869, with one son and one daughter.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Charles Longuet Higgins, M.A., of Turvey Abbey, Bedfordshire, on the 23rd ult.

Major Ludovick Montefiore Carmichael, 5th Lancers, who fell at Abou Klea. He was forty-nine years of age.

Major James Rutherford Lumley, late Assistant Adjutant-General, Bengal Army, eldest son of General Sir James Rutherford Lumley, K.C.B., on the 24th ult., aged seventy-four.

Elizabeth, Lady Steel, wife of Sir John Steel, Knight, R.S.A., Sculptor to the Queen for Scotland, on the 26th ult., at 24, Greenhill-gardens, Edinburgh. She was daughter of Mr. John Graham, and was married in 1826.

Mary Anne, Viscountess Torrington, widow of George, seventh Viscount, and only daughter of the late W. John Dugdale Astley, Bart., of Eversley. She was married in 1833, but leaves no surviving child.

General Richard Budd, retired list Madras Army, on the 22nd ult., in his ninetieth year. He entered the Army in 1812, and became General in 1874. He served during the Mahratta campaign and in Burma.

Laura, Marchioness of Normanby, wife of the present Marquis of Normanby, G.C.M.G., daughter of Captain Robert Russell, R.N., and niece of Elizabeth, Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, on the 26th ult., aged sixty-eight. Her Ladyship was married Aug. 17, 1844, and leaves issue.

Lady Alicia Mary Bristowe, at Datchet House, Bucks, on the 31st ult., in her eighty-seventh year. She was sixth daughter of Francis Jack, first Earl of Kilmorey, and married, in July, 1836, Mr. Samuel Ellis Bristowe, of Beesthorpe, Notts, who died in 1855.

## MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

With the advent of the month in which birds do mate and St. Valentine's mystic rites are celebrated and Parliamentary duties are resumed, it is characteristic of Sir Stafford Northcote's sweet disposition that he should endeavour to resolve himself into a busy bee, and gather honey all the day from each new opening flower. The right hon. Baronet was, at any rate, not unlike Dr. Watts's industrious insect when he soothingly buzzed about primroses and orchids at an Exeter Conservative soiree on Tuesday. Anyone intimately acquainted with the peculiar genius of the late Lord Beaconsfield might not unreasonably have supposed that to the late acute leader of the Conservative party "a primrose by the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more." But the exigencies of Party have transformed this simple flower into a political badge. Accordingly, Sir Stafford Northcote diligently and discursively sought to make political capital out of the fact that, while Conservatives cling to the primrose as the favourite flower of their departed chief, the apostle of Radicalism flaunts in his button-hole a gaudy exotic, the orchid. For his part, naturally, Sir Stafford Northcote preferred "the Party of the Primroses" to "the Party of the Orchids"—he was not rude enough to stigmatise his opponents as "the Orchid Squad," though it is not improbable that that is the form his idea will eventually shape itself into in a *Moonshine* cartoon. Seeing how partial Mr. Gladstone is to a flower in his button-hole on the occasion of a set speech, Sir Stafford Northcote might not inaptly have paid the Premier the compliment of calling his adversaries "the Sweet William Party." But the right hon. Baronet contented himself with the remark that Mr. Gladstone "prefers trees to flowers." We cannot follow the Opposition leader further in his floricultural disquisition, agreeably though it heralded the time regarded by poets—and by them alone—as ethereally mild. Yet it may be owned that it is reassuring to find that, when other minds are distracted by reports of exploded buildings in London and by suspenseful tidings from the Upper Nile, Sir Stafford Northcote can philosophically extract comfort from orchids and primroses.

The Prime Minister, it happens, has not altogether been disassociated from flowers on his side of late. The "primrose path of dalliance" has had no seductions for him; but orange-blossoms probably made Mr. Gladstone's eyes glisten on the Twenty-ninth of January, when the right hon. gentleman and Mrs. Gladstone were present at the marriage of the Rev. Stephen Gladstone and Miss Wilson, at Liverpool. Since then Mr. Gladstone has been the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, with the Marquis of Hartington, at Holker Hall, the quiet of which must have been particularly grateful to the Secretary for War after the recent period of excitement and anxiety at the War Offices.

The Marquis of Ripon's home-coming was made the occasion of a grand banquet at Leeds in honour of the ex-Viceroy of India, who justified his administration in a comprehensive and statesman-like speech explanatory of his policy of conciliating native feeling where it was expedient. Mr. Childers was among the distinguished personages present; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers, had the pleasant duty of reading the gracious message of sympathy her Majesty had sent to Sir Herbert Stewart in the Sudan, with the intimation that the brave and skilful leader had been promoted to be Major-General.

Plain speech always comes from Birmingham. Plenty of it was forthcoming from Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain on the evening of Thursday week, when, strongly and irreconcilably though the senior member differs from the junior member on the singular Egyptian policy of the Government, the veteran "Tribune of the People" was found siding with Mr. Chamberlain and the Ministerial policy generally on the same platform, that of the Birmingham Townhall. In view of the considerably enlarged electorate which will have to elect the next Parliament, Mr. Bright performed a seasonable service in pointing out the errors committed by existing countries in which the democracy is the governing power. Bellicose as ever was Mr. Bright against the wars of the Victorian era; and unduly severe against the growing desire for a closer federation of Great Britain and the Colonies. Mr. Chamberlain, more to the point, had a sympathetic word of regret for the death of Colonel Burnaby at Abou Klea; and was ready with an assurance that after General Gordon had been rescued with the Egyptian garrisons in the Sudan, that country would be left to its own people. He forcibly called upon Mr. Parnell to express his horror at the dynamite outrages. With regard to the future, Mr. Chamberlain re-stated his desire for a redistribution of taxation to make it fall less heavily on the poor; and called such an alteration of the land laws as would re-establish on the land the old class of yeomen who were once the pride and strength of the country. It may be mentioned, in passing, that Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to Wednesday's *Daily News*, takes strong exception to the *Times'* adverse criticism of his suggested plan of a graduated system of taxation. Condemned though this notion is on high authority, it happens that a scheme of graduated Income Tax for small incomes was brought into vogue by no less a Conservative luminary than Sir Stafford Northcote himself.

The only member of the Upper House who has distinguished himself exceptionally this week is Lord Sherbrooke. Bearing his blushing honours meekly, as has been his wont since he left the stormy arena of the Lower Chamber for "another" place, the noble Lord formerly known and feared as Mr. Lowe was on Tuesday married to Miss Sneyd at Torquay, a charming place for a honeymoon. Thus doth love level all.

There are two ex-Cabinet Ministers who occupy corner seats above the Treasury Bench in the Session, whose speeches for or against the Government ever command the earnest attention of Mr. Gladstone. They are evidently uneasy out of office, and would be more comfortable were they again included in the magic circle of the Cabinet Council. Hence the unsparing efforts of Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen to enlighten the country as to their claims as political guides, philosophers, and friends at this critical juncture. As Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gorst, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Mr. Balfour form the "Fourth Party," so Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen may be said to form the "Party of Two," in so far as their following in the House goes. Outside the House, the soundness of their views, and particularly the outspokenness of Mr. Forster in favour of Colonial Federation, command so much respect that it should not be long before both return to Downing-street. Especially apt in these times of industrial depression were Mr. Forster's praises of co-operation at Bradford on Saturday; and Mr. Goschen's definition in Edinburgh the same day of what would in his opinion be the chief features of a just measure of land reform proved moderate and reasonable enough to recommend itself to Conservatives and Liberals alike. Mr. Goschen's Imperial speech to the Edinburgh Literary Institute on Tuesday was most noticeable for the implied censure of Earl Granville for "fumbling" in his dealings with Prince Bismarck. The

right hon. gentleman's German origin, perhaps, led him into the mistake of exalting the German Chancellor at the expense of the Foreign Secretary of England. Or, was it simply one of those rhetorical digs in the ribs which candid friends—out of office—delight to inflict on their late colleagues in office?

Mr. Parnell, though directly appealed to by Mr. Chamberlain, has not thought fit, to his discredit be it said, to denounce the perpetrators of the dynamite outrages as the worst enemies of Ireland. The golden opportunity was seized, however, by Mr. J. O'Connor Power, on Saturday last, to condemn these agents of violence and treason in the most eloquent terms. Having to deliver a lecture on the poetry of Thomas Moore in the south of London, Mr. O'Connor Power did honour to himself, and to Irishmen generally, by his earnest denunciation of the dynamite criminals, and by his apposite reference to the bravery of Irish soldiers in fighting loyally shoulder to shoulder with Englishmen and Scotsmen in the Sudan deserts. Mr. O'Leary deserves similar credit for inveighing against O'Donovan Rossa's inhuman doctrine of assassination in the presence of somewhat stormy meetings of Irishmen in Manchester and Glasgow on Sunday and Monday. But Mr. Parnell still maintains his frigid silence.

## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Feb. 4.

The Bank of England rate of discount is now 4 per cent, and, as the unemployed balance is now little short of fourteen millions, the reduction from 5 per cent is quite justified, more particularly as the accumulation is due largely to the influx of revenue to the Treasury account. It is to be hoped, however, that the imports of gold from abroad, which were at length being attracted by the 5 per cent rate, will not be checked, especially as some gold has been taken out of the Bank in connection with the anticipated inquiry resulting from the Argentine financial crisis. The lowering of the rate has exercised a beneficial effect upon the stock markets, as indicating a belief by the Bank directors that no disturbance of credit is to be feared. Home Government stocks and Colonial issues also have risen, while foreign bonds have had a substantial advance on Continental support, and railways have, as regards several classes, regained some lost ground.

Like most other kindred companies, the Southampton Dock Company are to pay a reduced dividend—namely, 1 per cent per annum, as against 2½ last year; but the extent of the reduction is, in this case, beyond recent experience, the East and West India Dock Company paying 4 against 4½, and the London and St. Katharine Company 2 against 2½. This class of property has been under a cloud for some time now, as the fall in the market prices of the respective stocks in the last few years indicates. The Surrey Commercial Dock Company have had an exceptional experience, and their stock has more than maintained the price of five years ago.

Recent discussions give importance to the reports of the Railway Share and Railway Debenture Trusts. The disparaging circulars recently issued are commented upon, and the directors propose that the condition of the companies should be examined into by committees. The valuation of securities held by the Railway Debenture Trust Company shows a depreciation in market values of £101,902 for the year, against which there is a reserve fund of £90,906. The transactions of the year admit of a dividend at the usual rate of 6 per cent, less the interim payment of 3 per cent. Only 5 per cent per annum, however, is recommended, and the declaration of this is postponed to an adjourned meeting. The valuation of the securities of the Railway Share Trust Company shows a depreciation of £119,986, against which is the reserve fund of £10,934. The working shows a credit balance of £64,332, less £27,813 already paid as interim dividend. There is thus sufficient to distribute a further 2½ per cent, but the result of the proposed investigation by an independent committee is awaited before any dividend will be declared.

Shareholders of the Anglo-American Brush Electric Light Corporation are to be congratulated at the result of the past year's working, which shows a marked improvement compared with that of the previous year, and in fact leads to the hope that the company may now become a dividend-earning undertaking. Deducting the debit balance of £1616 brought forward from 1883, the accounts show a credit balance of £4127, which is equal to slightly over 2 per cent on the reduced capital. The above sum, however, is to be thus distributed—£1000 to the reduction of goodwill and licenses, and £1500 to the reduction of patents account, leaving a surplus of £1627 to be carried forward. From the report, it appears that every effort has been made to economise, and at the same time to improve the position of the concern. With some modification of the Electric Lighting Act, and a reduction in law charges, which were very heavy last year, the shareholders may look to the future with some satisfaction.

It is estimated by the directors of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company that, as a result of the reduction from 2s. to 1s. 8d. per word, a loss of about £170,000 a year will be incurred by the Atlantic Cable companies which are the parties to joint purse agreement, there being no reasonable expectation that this decrease of revenue will be recouped by an equivalent, or even appreciable, augmentation in the number of messages. The total revenue of the Anglo Company for the past half-year was £190,427.

Notice has been given by the Direct United States Cable Company of the interruption of their main cable between Ireland and Nova Scotia, but as the cable will, it is stated, be shortly repaired, the earnings of the company will not be affected, as by the joint-purse arrangement one year is allowed wherein to make good the injury before ceasing to participate as usual in the earnings of the joint concerns. By the agreement above referred to, the Anglo-American Company receives 48·825 per cent, the Direct United States 16·275, the French undertaking 12·400, and the American Telegraph and Cable Company 22·500 per cent of the amount of the combined receipts of the four concerns.

Marine insurance companies have scarcely maintained the position held a year ago. Of the eleven companies which have so far made known the result of the working of 1884, seven pay the same dividend, while two have gone back, and two non-dividend companies are still unable to divide profits. T. S.

The Rev. J. Grey Richardson, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Monks Kirby, Warwick, has been elected to the Warburton Lectureship, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Edershim. This lecture, which is tenable for four years, is delivered in the chapel of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and was established, in 1768, by Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

Sir William Thomson presided on Monday at the opening of the new physical and chemical laboratories which have been founded at Bangor, in connection with the University College of North Wales. Mr. Rathbone, M.P., Mr. Richard Davies, M.P., and Mr. John Roberts also took part in the proceedings, which were followed by a conversazione, given by Principal Reichel and the members of the Senate.

## THE COURT.

The Queen received the intelligence of the further success of Sir Herbert Stewart's column, and of the engagements on the 19th inst. and following days. While rejoicing at the victory gained by her gallant troops, her Majesty has learned with sincere regret the losses sustained, and laments deeply the wound to Sir Herbert Stewart, which has deprived her Majesty of the services of a most valuable officer. The Prince of Leiningen, G.C.B., visited her Majesty on Wednesday week; and remained to luncheon. The Judge Advocate-General had an audience of the Queen. The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Teesdale, C.B., V.C., arrived at Osborne on Thursday week. The Queen and her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice drove out in the afternoon, attended by Lady Waterpark. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with her Majesty and the Royal family in the evening. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and Colonel Teesdale, C.B., V.C., had the honour of being invited. The Prince of Wales left Osborne yesterday week for London. Her Majesty went out with Princess Beatrice. On Sunday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne. The Dean of Windsor officiated. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, who visited the Queen on Saturday, lunched with her Majesty and Princess Beatrice on Sunday. The Queen has announced to the father of the late Dr. Marshall, her Majesty's Resident Physician, that she has granted him a yearly pension of £150 for life. Mr. Marshall resides at Crick, Perthshire. Lady Cust has been appointed one of the Women of the Bedchamber in Ordinary to her Majesty, in the room of Lady Codrington, resigned.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Christian (accompanied by Princess Victoria), and the Duchess of Albany visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House, last Saturday, and remained to luncheon. Prince Albert Victor arrived at Marlborough House, attended by the Rev. J. N. Dalton. Prince George likewise arrived. The Italian Ambassador (Count Nigra), the Spanish Minister (the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia), and the Roumanian Minister (Prince Ghica) presented, in the names of their respective Sovereigns, the insignia of the Annunziata of Italy, of Charles III. of Spain, and of the Star of Roumania to Prince Albert Victor, on the attainment of his majority. The Prince of Wales visited Mr. Boehm's studio in the afternoon to inspect the sketch model of the proposed statue of the Duke of Wellington. Prince Albert Victor opened on Saturday afternoon a new club, which has been established in Whitechapel, chiefly for the boys of the Shoeblack Brigade, and is called the Whittington Club. After the ceremony, the Prince saw the boy members in the gymnasium, and addressed some kind and encouraging words to them. On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George were present at Divine service. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. The Prince of Wales has left London for Cannes. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George have returned to Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, respectively. The Princess of Wales left Marlborough House on Tuesday afternoon for Sandringham, where her Royal Highness will remain until the return of the Prince of Wales from Cannes.

The Duke of Connaught has accepted the presidency of the City and Port of London District of the St. John Ambulance Association.

Prince and Princess Christian left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, on Tuesday for the Continent.

## THE VOLUNTEERS.

Several meetings were held in London on Saturday last.

At a meeting of Volunteer commanding officers at the Volunteer Service Club, it was resolved to establish a benefit society for Volunteers, and a committee was formed to prepare a scheme for carrying out this object.

Sir F. Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, presided at the annual meeting and distribution of prizes to the Artists' Rifles at the Criterion. Colonel Edis gave a résumé of the work done during the year, and congratulated the regiment on its general efficiency. Sir F. Leighton presented the prizes, and made a brief address to the regiment.

Mr. Childers was present at the presentation of prizes by Mrs. Childers to the 2nd Tower Hamlets Volunteers, and remarked that there were now 208,000 efficient Volunteers, out of an enrolled strength of 215,000. He spoke of the great advantages of the union and discipline which the system taught them, and expressed the hope that their numbers would increase.

Colonel Croll entertained at dinner at St. James's Hall all the members of the 2nd Tower Hamlets (East London) Engineer Volunteers, on the occasion of his retirement from the honorary colonelcy. Among the guests, who numbered nearly 500, were Mr. J. Holms, M.P., and Baron H. De Worms, M.P.

Sir Andrew Clarke, Inspector-General of Fortifications, distributing the prizes to Engineer Volunteers at Liverpool on Tuesday night, said no one now doubted the success of the Volunteer movement, and what they all desired was to render it perfect, and so organised that it became a thoroughly efficient army. The Volunteer movement had prevented those panics which were so disastrous to commerce, industry, and labour; and it had been of the greatest moral and physical benefit to the people of England. He congratulated the corps upon its position and efficiency.

It is understood that the total number of Martini-Henry Rifles to be issued to the Infantry and Engineers of the Volunteer force will exceed 175,000, the issue being based on the returns of the enrolled strength of each corps at the date of the last returns forwarded to the War Office. The issue is proceeding as rapidly as the new weapons can be stamped with the names of the various regiments, and several thousands of Volunteers are now drilling with them.

It is stated that provision is to be made in the Army Estimates for the attendance in camps of exercise and instruction of a large number of Volunteers of all arms in the various military districts this year, besides the usual encampments at Shoeburyness for the Artillery, at Chatham for the Engineers, and at Aldershot for the Infantry. It is estimated that last year 80,000 Volunteers availed themselves of this practical method of extending their military knowledge.

The anniversary dinner in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary will be held this (Saturday) evening at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. The French Ambassador will preside, and will be supported by the Lord Mayor and a distinguished company.

The Lord Mayor went in state to the Guildhall on Tuesday, to open the New Commission of Sewers for the City of London for the present year. Mr. George Noah Johnson was elected chairman, and the officers of the Commission were reappointed.



LATE LIEUT. J. D. GUTHRIE, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY,  
KILLED AT ABOU KLEA.



THE LATE MR. J. A. CAMERON,  
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "STANDARD," KILLED ON JAN. 19.



THE LATE LIEUT. RICHARD WOLFE 2ND DRAGOONS,  
KILLED AT ABOU KLEA.

### THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION: OFFICERS KILLED IN FIGHT.

#### THE LATE MR. J. A. CAMERON.

The death of this gentleman, the Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, who was shot on the 19th ult., in the Arab attack on Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced brigade, on the march from Abou Klea to the Nile above Metammeh, has called forth many expressions of regret. Mr. John Alexander Cameron was a native of Inverness, where he has left a widowed mother and other relatives; he was at first a bank clerk in that city, but went out to India, to be employed in a mercantile house at Bombay. He soon began to contribute occasionally to the *Bombay Gazette*, and was for a short time acting editor of that paper, when Mr. J. M. McLean left for Europe. The Afghan War of 1879 required a Special Cor-

respondent in the field for the *Bombay Gazette*, and Mr. Cameron gave up his appointment connected with mercantile business to accompany the first campaign in the expedition to Cabul; he was with the division of General Roberts in the advance through the Khuram Pass. His letters attracted great attention; and, in the following year, when the war in Afghanistan was renewed by Ayoub Khan's advance on Candahar, attended by the defeat of a British force at Maidwand, the *Standard* accepted Mr. Cameron's services to join the column which, under General Phayrer, was preparing to march to the relief of Candahar. Journeying night and day, he reached Quettah in seven days after leaving Bombay, having ridden up the Bolan Pass from Sibi in thirty-six hours. He was the first to ride with the news of the

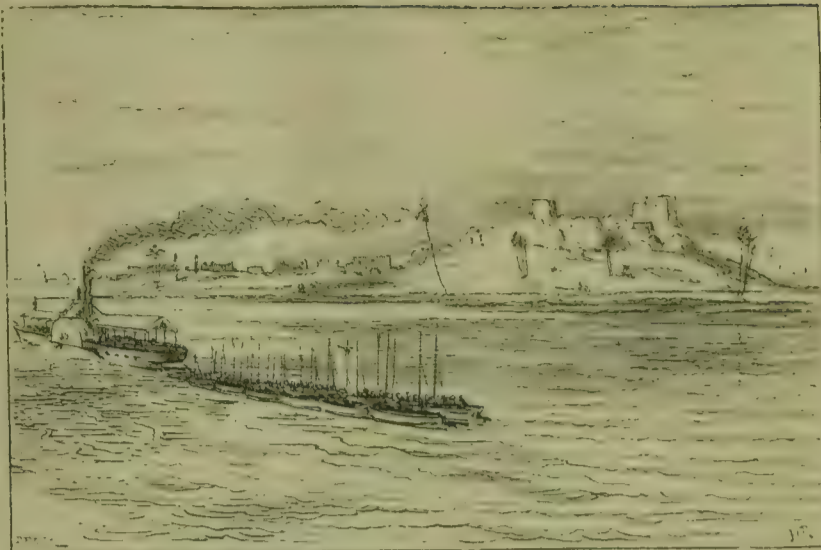
victory of General Roberts to the nearest telegraph post, beating his competitors and the Government couriers by a day and a half. Then, returning with equal rapidity to Candahar, he accompanied the first party who went out to the battle-field of Maidwand, and sent home a description of the scene and of the fighting, which established his reputation as one of the ablest as well as most enterprising of journalists. Soon after his return to Bombay, the Transvaal insurrection broke out. Mr. Cameron at once crossed to Natal, arriving there long before the correspondents dispatched from England could reach the spot. He was present at the battles of Laing's Nek and Ingogo, and at the fatal fight on Majuba Hill, where he was knocked down and taken prisoner by the Boers, but contrived, nevertheless, on the following day to get through his message descriptive



THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS' CAMP AT KORTI.



THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION: FORT AT DEBBEH, ON THE NILE.



HANNER, ON THE NILE, THE REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAHDI.

of the battle. After peace was concluded in the Transvaal, he returned to England, but upon the news of the first riots in Alexandria, in June, 1882, left for Egypt, and was present on board the Admiral's flag-ship, the *Invincible*, at the bombardment of Alexandria. He continued with the British forces until their arrival at Cairo, having witnessed and described every engagement which took place. After a short rest at home, he started for Madagascar, and his letters gave the first trustworthy accounts of the state of affairs in the island. As the French delayed their attack, and it was uncertain when hostilities would commence, he crossed the Pacific to Melbourne, and thence made his way to Tonquin, where the fighting between the French and the natives had just begun. He was present at the engagement in which the French, acting in three columns, failed to carry the defences which the Black Flags had erected. English correspondents not being allowed to remain with the French forces, Mr. Cameron was on his way home, towards the end of 1883, when Osman Digna's forces began to threaten Souakim, and no sooner did he reach Suez than he took ship for that port. He was present when Baker Pasha's force was crushed by the Arabs, and narrowly escaped with his life. He remained at Souakim until the British Expeditionary Force arrived, accompanied them in their advance upon Tokar, and was a witness of the battles of El Teb and Tamaniab. His stay in England after his return from this long absence was brief, for in a few weeks he again started for Egypt, and pushed up the Nile with the advanced boats of Lord Wolseley's Expedition. His recent telegrams and letters are fresh in the memory of the public. The personal esteem in which Mr. Cameron was held by his comrades in similar employment, and by the staff and regimental officers in every military expedition that he attended, has been fully testified upon the occasion of his lamented death.

### THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES.

While Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, the author, as he boasted, of the dastardly schemes for destroying public buildings in England at the risk of killing many innocent people, has been shot at New York by the hand of an Englishwoman, the police and magistrates of London seem to be not entirely unsuccessful in discovering his agents employed on Saturday, the 24th ult., to cause the explosions at the Tower and the Palace of Westminster. The person who was arrested at the Tower, James Gilbert Cunningham, otherwise calling himself Gilbert and Dalton, a native of Cork, who had been some years in America, and who came from New York to England last November, was again brought up for examination on Monday, before Sir James Ingham, at Bow-street Police Office. He is about twenty-two years of age, and describes himself as a labourer, but there is no proof of his having ever done or sought any

honest work. At Christmas, he came from Liverpool to London, and lodged at 30, Great Prescott-street, Whitechapel, the house of Miss Cannon, till Jan. 14, when he removed to other lodgings, those let by Mrs. Moore, at 32, Scarborough-street, Whitechapel. At the first-mentioned lodgings, he called himself Mr. Gilbert, and at the latter place Mr. Dalton. He brought with him from the

false accounts of the place where he had lodged at Liverpool, and of his having been employed at the docks there. He told Mrs. Moore that he was looking for a clerk's situation in London, but that he was not in a hurry, as he had a little money. He is said to have visited the Tower on free days, more than once, and was seen there on the day of the explosion, before and at the time when it happened. After his arrest, the photograph, from which our portrait of him is copied, was taken by order of the Criminal Investigation Department of Detective Police, and we now publish it at their request in the hope that it may assist in his identification. He is prosecuted by Government, Mr. Poland, with the solicitors to the Treasury, conducting the case against him at Bow-street, while Mr. Quilliam, a Liverpool solicitor, appeared for his defence. The prisoner was remanded for further examination, after the evidence of the persons above-named, and of several other witnesses on Monday. The police next day, at a house in Whitechapel, arrested another man, in whose possession was found a heavy brown box; supposed to be the one removed from Cunningham's lodgings in Great Prescott-street. A man has also been arrested on suspicion at the Derby railway station.

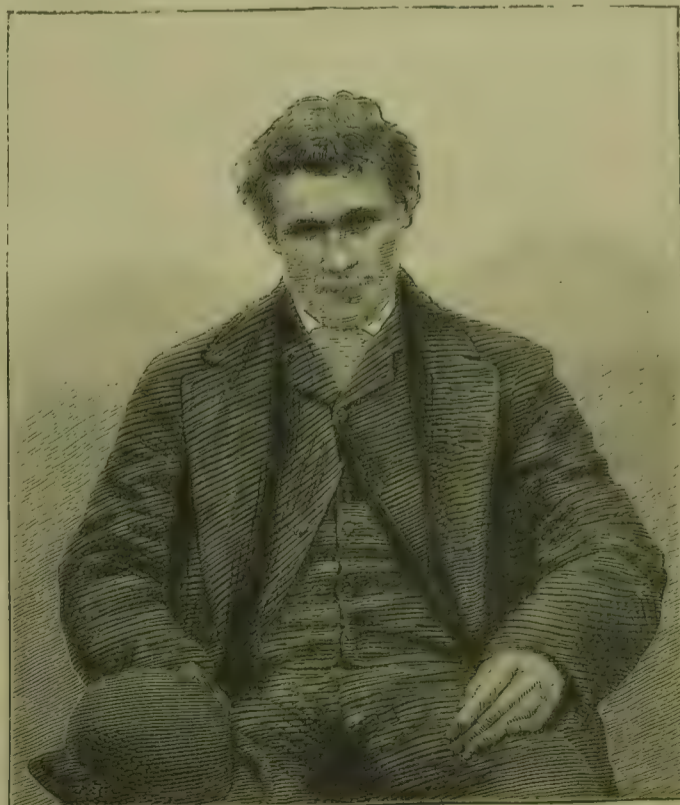
A young man named Goodman, who had been lodging in North-street, Smith-square, Westminster, was last week arrested on suspicion, but was soon liberated, as he gave sufficient proofs of his respectable antecedents. He is an Englishman, with friends residing in London, and is an artist by profession, who has travelled in America and throughout the Continent of Europe. He raised no objection to his box being examined, and nothing more dangerous than artist's materials, sketches, and clothes was found in it. He was detained at the station but a short time while inquiries were made about him, with a satisfactory result.

The two police-constables of the A Division, Cole and Cox, who were severely burnt and hurt by the explosion of the first parcel of dynamite at Westminster, found by Miss Davis and Mr. Edwin Green on the steps going down to St. Stephen's Crypt, are doing well in Westminster Hospital. Both these men acted very courageously, and it was Cole who lifted the parcel, with its burning envelope, and carried it in his hands up the steps of the crypt and out of the doorway into Westminster Hall, where he was obliged to drop it when it burnt his hands; Cox, who was on duty in the Hall, kept close by him, and fearlessly rendered him assistance. We give the Portrait of William Cole, whose daring act of self-sacrifice probably averted a greater disaster; and we are glad to see an announcement, in the *London Gazette* of Tuesday, that the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer upon him the Albert Medal of the First Class, "for conspicuous gallantry displayed" on this occasion. The Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, by her Majesty's personal command, last



THE LATE MR. GWYN JEFFREYS, LL.D., F.R.S.

railway, to the house of Miss Cannon, a large brown box, which he said belonged to a friend, and which mysteriously disappeared a day or two before he quitted the house, being replaced by a smaller black box, in which he afterwards kept a good stock of clothes. He had also a black bag, which contained articles of clothing; but at the bottom was found, when the Detective Police searched his property, a small copper tube containing the detonating mixture of chloride of potassium and fulminate of mercury, which is used for exploding charges of dynamite or gun-cotton. Such a detonator is not used for any other purpose. This man gave

POLICE-CONSTABLE COLE,  
WHO CARRIED THE DYNAMITE OUT OF THE CRYPT,  
WESTMINSTER HALL.JAMES GILBERT CUNNINGHAM,  
TAKEN INTO CUSTODY AT THE TOWER.

week visited Cole and Cox at the Hospital, and communicated to them her high sense of their courage and devotion. He also wrote to the same effect to Sir Edmund Henderson, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, directing that upon their recovery, of which there is every hope, professional rewards shall be conferred upon them. Sir William Harcourt observes that these men had long been personally known to the members of the House of Commons, who esteemed them and would sympathise with their present sufferings. Cole has four ribs broken on the left side, while Cox has a slight concussion of the brain, and the shock caused injurious effects in both cases, with deafness, which is now passing off. The conduct of these brave men, as the Home Secretary says, has done honour to the Metropolitan Police Force, and has won the approbation of all their countrymen.

### THE LATE MR. GWYN JEFFREYS.

Mr. John Gwyn Jeffreys, the well-known conchologist, died suddenly on Saturday last, at his residence, No. 1, The Terrace, Kensington. Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys was born at Swansea in 1809. From an early age he took an interest in science, and when he was nineteen years old he wrote a "Synopsis of the Pulmonobranchous Mollusca of Great Britain," and in the following year he was elected a member of the Linnean Society. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1840, and subsequently served on the council of that society; and he was for many years treasurer of both the Geological and the Linnean Societies. In 1869, 1870, and 1875, he conducted exploring expeditions in H.M. s.s. Porcupine and Valorous in the North Atlantic; and in the years 1871 and 1880 he took part in expeditions fitted out by the Governments of the United States and France. Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys wrote over a hundred papers on scientific subjects, but is best known by his principal work, "British Conchology," in five volumes. Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys was called to the Bar in 1856, and was J.P. for Glamorganshire and Breconshire, and J.P. and D.L. for Herts, of which county he was High Sheriff in 1877.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. G. W. Godfrey appears to have been as much fascinated with the dramatic ingenuity and literary charm of one of the lighter comedies of Octave Feuillet as was Mr. Tom Taylor. Over a quarter of a century ago, the best adaptor of that, and perhaps of any other time took Feuillet's "Péris en la Demeure" and turned it into an English play called "The House or the Home." There was nothing particularly new or original in the story. Business men are apt to neglect their wives, and childless women whose husbands are engaged on affairs of State are apt to grizzle, to loiter upon sofas reading novels, and to pine for sympathy. Then comes the dangerous moment when the neglected wife "plays with fire," and domestic peace is necessarily endangered. Tom Taylor's play owed most of its success to the excellent acting of the Wigans, for no literary skill could possibly reconcile the inconsistencies and improbabilities of Octave Feuillet's romance of real life. The polished, suave, and natural Alfred Wigman was, of course, at home in the character of an English Under-Secretary of State and Member of Parliament, who, blind to the infatuation of susceptible junior clerks in his office, neglects his "home" and his pretty wife for the business of politics and the "House" at St. Stephen's, Westminster. But even better than Alfred Wigman, Billington, Charles Selby, and Henrietta Simms, was Mrs. Wigman, who had a character after her own heart—a clever, common-sense, shrewd woman, the mother of the love-sick Foreign Office clerk, who is able by her tact and diplomacy to restore order in a disorganised household. Such a play mainly depends upon the skill of the actress who undertakes that character. It is as important as Suzanne in "Les Pattes de Mouche" ("The Scrap of Paper"). All the strings of the delicate intrigue are in her hands, and it depends upon her to move them clumsily or adroitly. It has been rumoured, and it can be very well believed, that the object of writing another version of this old French play was to provide Mrs. Bancroft with a character of high comedy. All who have seen this admirable actress play Mrs. Haygarth in "The Vicarage," an adaptation of Octave Feuillet's "Le Village," will understand how well she interprets a part requiring lightness of touch, finesse, humour, and an occasional touch of pathos. Mrs. Rivers, in Mr. Godfrey's play "The Opal Ring," is all this; but somehow or other there were no opportunities for the play at the Haymarket—a two-act comedy presents an immediate difficulty to the managerial mind—so the new version of an old story was transferred to the Court, where it has been produced with very gratifying success.

In criticising Octave Feuillet's lighter plays, we must never forget the circumstances under which they were written. In point of fact, they were not designed for the stage at all at the outset, but appeared, after a fashion set by Alfred De Musset, in the feuilleton of the "Révue des Deux Mondes." They were plays to be read first, and to be acted, if needs be, afterwards. There was an interregnum in the life of this sentimental dramatist from the time when he was employed as a

hack writer by the elder Dumas to his later days of "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" (the "Romance of a Poor Young Man"), "La Tentation" ("Led Astray"), and the still more notorious "Le Sphinx," memorable in the palmy days of Croizette and Sara Bernhardt, at the Français. This fact of publication will explain some of the crudenesses that are forced into prominent notice when Feuillet's plays are acted. Nowadays, playgoers are far more exacting than they were in the time of the Wigans, and Mr. Godfrey has to stand a fire of criticism that would never have been directed at Tom Taylor. We hear a great deal from untried journalists and dilettante writers of what dramatic critics ought or ought not to be; but one thing is just certain, that plays are more severely handled now in all parts of the house than they were six-and-twenty years ago. When Playgoers' Clubs hold weekly discussions the critic must necessarily be on the alert, or his influence, whatever it may be, will be gone. "The Opal Ring" is, for the most part, acted with fine finish and in excellent taste. The scene in the first act between Mr. John Clayton and Mr. H. B. Conway is as good and as natural comedy as anyone would desire to see, and surely must delight the oldest and most obstinate of veteran playgoers; whilst Mr. Arthur Cecil, as an old, gouty, cantankerous, and meddlesome Peer, shows that his gallery of senile aristocrats is practically inexhaustible. The best dialogue in the play is put into Mr. Cecil's mouth, and he does it more than justice, making a strong character out of very slight material. Poor Miss Marion Terry has been unlucky in the parts allotted to her of late. She is perpetually suffering from matrimonial neglect, and wringing her hands over the weakness of poor human nature. But she is always sympathetic and charming, and of the greatest value to any cast. Miss Lydia Foote is not exactly the actress in style or temperament that one would have chosen for the astute, worldly, and diplomatic Mrs. Rivers; but she is a true artist in whatever situation she finds herself, and is ever welcome in any comedy.

The Saturday afternoon recitals of Mr. Clifford Harrison at the Steinway Hall may well be commended to the earnest attention of all who desire an intellectual treat. Surely, the stage has here lost an actor of remarkable versatility and conspicuous talent. Mr. Harrison has that best of all the actor's gifts—decision and repose, and at will can touch the notes of the gayest comedy and the tenderest emotion. Such contrasted selections as the Waterloo scene from "Vanity Fair," a comic poem, called "The Hat," and recitals from the poems of Dante Rossetti and Adelaide Proctor, accompanied on the piano with excellent effect, show in this young entertainer gifts as remarkable as they are welcome. There is a not a dull instant in the pleasant hour and a half during which Mr. Harrison recites, mimics, acts, dreams, and plays over a choice selection from our best writers of prose and poetry.

Rehearsals are being busily carried on at nearly all the prominent theatres in London, and by Easter time, if not before, nearly every programme will be changed. Mr. Wilson Barrett is hard at work on "Brutus," by the last Lord Lytton; by-the-way, there is a wonderful likeness of Wilson Barrett as Brutus in the steel engraving to Nat Lee's play contained in "Bell's British Theatre." Mr. G. R. Sims is toiling bravely with his new melodrama for the Adelphi, concerning which gossippers have been taken off the scent, for there is as much country life as town sorrow, as much Derbyshire as Docks in the human story to be developed in dramatic action. The Bancrofts are bidding farewell to "Diplomacy," and getting ready "Masks and Faces" in order to play Triplet and Peg Woffington once more to their many friends and admirers. Mr. Thorne is preparing Dr. Westland Marston's new comedy at the Vaudeville, and no doubt there will soon be a change at the Strand and the Court. It is the "Private Secretary" alone that runs on for ever.

Mrs. Langtry once more selects Tuesday for her *première*. Next week "The School for Scandal" is to be produced with an admirable cast, and everyone will be anxious to see the new Lady Teazle.

A notice of the Magazines for February is unavoidably deferred.

Mr. Justice Mathew, in the Queen's Bench Division, has decided that the Ashton-under-Lyne Gas Company had acted beyond their statutory powers in carrying forward a large amount of undivided profits instead of reducing the price of gas, and has ordered the price to be lowered from 2s. 4d. to 2s. per 1000 cubic feet.

Mr. MacHale, who has been favourably received in the north of England, especially in Manchester and Liverpool, made a very successful first appearance in London last week, at St. George's Hall, in a kind of entertainment resembling those with which audiences have been made familiar by Mr. Howard Paul and Mr. Maccabe. Without enumerating the various character sketches that form Mr. MacHale's programme, we may say that he possesses humour, some musical skill, and a considerable command of foreign languages. Mr. MacHale is assisted in his entertainment by Mr. Batchelder, an accomplished pianist.

### MUSIC.

There is not much left to record of last week's music, and but little to say about that of this week; the full tide of returning activity not having yet set in. The Popular Concert of Saturday afternoon was partly in celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Franz Schubert, who was born (at Vienna) on Jan. 31, 1797, and died on Nov. 19, 1828. He was one of several instances of early genius and premature death, other notable examples of which were offered by our own Purcell, and by Mozart and Mendelssohn. The first portion only of Saturday's concert was selected from Schubert's works, beginning with the string quintet in C major, op. 163, finely played by Madame Norman-Néruda, Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, Signor Pèzze, and Signor Piatti. Mr. Max Pauer, who made his second appearance at these concerts, played the impromptu in F minor and E flat with much effect; and Mr. E. Lloyd sang the *lied* known, in the English version, as "Thou whom I vow'd to love," with great charm of voice and style. The second part of the programme was miscellaneous, and calls for no specific notice beyond recording the success of a new song, "For Ever Nearer," by Mr. G. F. Hutton, who has very happily set some expressive lines by D. G. Rossetti. The song was rendered to perfection by Mr. Lloyd, and will doubtless become popular.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society gave the first concert of its thirteenth season at the Albert Hall last Saturday evening, with a substantial programme. Mr. George Mount retains the office of conductor which he so efficiently filled during past seasons.

The London Ballad Concerts—so ably directed by Mr. John Boosey—are pursuing a career of continued success at St. James's Hall. The seventh concert of the nineteenth season took place last week, when a programme of the usual varied attractions was prepared. Two new songs, "A penny for your thoughts," by Cécile Hartog, and "The Cumberland" (a naval ditty), by Charles Marshall, were successfully given, respectively, by Miss M. Davies and Mr. Santley; Madame Trebelli made a special impression in Mr. Cowen's song, "Regret," and the "Gavotte" from "Mignon"; and other effective vocal performances were contributed by Madame Antoinette Sterling, Misses Davies and Larkcom, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. Maybrick, and the members of Mr. Venables' choir, interspersed with violin solos charmingly played by Madame Norman-Néruda. This week's programme included the names of most of the principal singers just specified, together with that of Miss Carlotta Elliot, Madame Néruda having again been the solo violinist.

The sixth concert of the fourteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society took place this week, when Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," was performed.

Of Mr. Walter Bache's grand orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, we must speak next week. As on former occasions, Mr. Bache's admiration of the works of Liszt was manifested by a selection from his works, rendered with the co-operation of a full band of upwards of eighty performers, and an effective chorus.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society gave the second concert of the new season on Monday evening, when Gade's cantata, "The Crusaders," was the principal work performed, with the co-operation of a complete band and an efficient choir, and of Miss C. Samuël, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. F. Ward as solo vocalists. The remaining portion of the concert was miscellaneous. Dr. Bridge conducted ably.

The Popular Chamber Concerts at the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution—organised by the esteemed violinist, Mr. G. H. Betjemann—entered on a second series on Thursday evening. Mr. Betjemann is supported by other skilful instrumentalists, and his programmes include selections from the best works of the classical masters interspersed with vocal solos. The concerts cannot fail to be welcome to the neighbourhood where they are given.

A fresh sign of renewed musical activity will be given next week by the resumption of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts, after the usual suspension in favour of Christmas and New-Year entertainments.

We have already given the details of the arrangements for the triennial Birmingham Festival, to take place towards the end of August, and of that of Hereford early in September, and have now to speak of the recurrence of the Chester Festival (also triennial), which will precede those just named, the dates being fixed for July 22, 23, and 24. The principal works to be performed, on the respective mornings, are:—Gounod's "Redemption"; Bach's motett, "Blessing, Glory"; one of Handel's organ concertos; "Daniel," a new oratorio by Dr. Bridge; Rossini's "Stabat Mater"; Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"; and Handel's "Messiah"—these in the Cathedral—miscellaneous evening concerts taking place in the Music-Hall.

Next Saturday, Feb. 14, has been appointed for the private view of the Spring Exhibition of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society, at the Conduit-street Galleries, and the exhibition will be open to the public on Monday, the 16th.

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Jack Irvine, sauntering homewards from the village, became aware of two figures seated in the garden above, and was presently astounded to see them draw closer, and lose distinctness of outline in a close embrace.

## ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

### CHAPTER X.

#### A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Thus it came to pass that circumstances for which he was in no wise responsible placed a conscientious man in a quandary. Jack, who had to see about getting the wreck of his dog-cart transported to Cardrew, evidently took it for granted that Vidal would walk home with his sister; and, indeed, no other arrangement seemed possible. Yet Vidal could not but perceive that such a proceeding would be fraught with the gravest peril. What he feared just now was not so much that the betrayal of his passion in words might call forth some response as that the faint hopes which he still cherished might be crushed out of him by a point-blank refusal. Indeed, he felt convinced that this calamity must inevitably befall him if he spoke; and yet he knew himself well enough to be aware that to spend the remainder of the day with Clare and to hold his peace would be a task so difficult as to be wellnigh impossible. Recognising, therefore, the dangers that threatened him, he wisely determined to see her as far as the lodge, and there bid her farewell. The necessity of packing up for an early start the next day would give him a sufficient excuse for returning to his lodgings.

But Vidal, like the rest of the world, was a better hand at forming resolutions than at carrying them into effect, and when Clare and he had reached the entrance to Cardrew, he had not yet so much as announced his impending departure. Up to this point, the walk had not been exactly an enjoyable one. There had been an uncomfortable feeling of restraint on both sides which had made the way seem long; yet, although the young people had kept up conversation with some difficulty, and had said nothing that was not absolutely flat and commonplace, they had been exchanging thoughts through some more subtle medium than that of speech, and Vidal was no longer able to take a dispassionate view of the situation. He understood that Clare had been asking him the whole time what was the matter with him, and he had answered, "The matter is that I adore you, and that I must not say so." Now, while he held the gate open for her to pass through, she said, after a momentary hesitation, "Will you not come up to the house? Jack will be back soon, and we can give you a luncheon of some sort." And Vidal, feeling that all strength of purpose had gone out of him, let the gate swing back, murmuring, rather foolishly, "Oh, thanks—if I shan't be in the way."

Every now and then—not often, of course; still, every now and then—it happens to most of us to make up our minds that we will do the things that we ought not to do; and on those rare and delightful occasions such of us as are wise at once kick conscience overboard. For if one cannot do wrong without suffering from pangs of remorse the whole time, it is surely better to stick to the dull path of duty and preserve at least one's self-respect. A certain merry Cardinal, now no more, once found himself at a great dinner in Rome during Lent. There was fish for him, and there were vegetables, and of these

he partook freely, getting what comfort he could out of them, and maintaining a cheerful countenance. But when a haunch of venison made its appearance, his brow became clouded with care; for his soul, like the soul of Isaac, loved venison, and he could not bring himself either to let the dish pass or to indulge his appetite. If he had only neglected the fish he might have stretched a point and allowed himself a little meat for his stomach's sake; but to eat both fish and flesh at one and the same meal was what no ecclesiastic could do without falling into sin. For some moments the conflict which was raging within him was visible by outward signs to his neighbours; then, breaking into a jolly laugh, "*Basta!*" he exclaimed, "*Mi confessoro!*" So he swallowed the venison and enjoyed it, and, let us hope, duly performed penance the next day. Vidal had this in common with his Eminence, that he neither deceived himself nor repented at the wrong moment. As soon as he had yielded to temptation, his heart grew lighter, and he thought, "Well, since this is to be my last day with her, it shall be as happy a one as I can make it." He let himself go; he began to talk, without first thinking of every word that he said; and Clare's spirits also seemed to rise in sympathy with his; so that, before long, the cloud which had arisen between them of late was all but dispelled.

In due course they discovered that they were hungry; and then they had luncheon together in the dining-room, which seemed strangely silent and empty with only two people seated at the long table. One of them, at all events, desired no addition to their number, and longed only for time to stand still.

"Do you know, I am very glad you let Bob drive," he could not help saying; and Clare did not ask him why he was glad, but only laughed, and blushed ever so slightly.

They had finished their meal before Jack came in, apologizing quite needlessly for having been so long, and explaining that he had had a great deal of trouble in finding somebody to bring the cart home. When he had stayed a vigorous appetite, he proposed a cigar and a game of billiards to his guest, who replied that he didn't want to smoke, and that it would be a sin to stay indoors on such a fine afternoon.

"We might have a knock-up at lawn-tennis, then," suggested the innocent Jack.

"All right; if you like," answered Vidal; "but don't you think it's too hot to run about?"

"But we can't lie on our backs in the garden till dinner-time," remonstrated the other.

"Oh, I don't know," said Vidal; "I think I could. What shall you do, Miss Irvine?"

Clare replied that she meant to sit out in the shade somewhere; and then, to Vidal's great relief, Jack said, "Well, if you don't mind, I think I'll just stroll down to Polruth and see if I can't find out something about the otter-hounds. I heard they were to meet near this next week, and I should like to show you an otter-hunt, Vidal, if you've never seen one."

In this way Vidal's destiny led him into pleasant places. Sitting on a bench in the shade, with the object of his adoration

beside him, with the slumberous murmur of insects in his ears, and with all the sunny landscape stretched out before him till it dropped abruptly to meet the blue Atlantic far beneath, he surrendered himself to the bliss of the passing moments, and began to realise what is so seldom realised by mortals, the delight of living in the present. Only to watch Clare, to listen to her, to meet her eyes every now and again, was enough, and he almost forgot that a morrow was coming which would find him journeying towards London and duty. At any rate, if some suppressed consciousness of this sad fact was in his mind, he would not suffer any hint of it to pass his lips, thinking, very sensibly, that it would be time enough to say what must be said when the others returned from Tintagel.

But, considering the condition of mind that he was in, this and all other matters that he might desire to conceal were evidently at the mercy of hazard. His colloquy with Clare was not continuous; but was broken by irregular intervals of silence more dangerous than speech. During one of these, Vidal glanced at his neighbour, whose hands were lying idly in her lap, and who was, to all appearance, plunged in profound meditation. She remained so long without stirring that at last he could not refrain from asking, softly, "What are you thinking about, Miss Irvine?"

She started, smiled, and made the reply which is usually made to that absurd question—"Oh, about nothing particular."

If she had answered quite truthfully, she would have had to say, "About you;" but not being disposed to submit to further cross-examination, she uttered the meaningless phrase above recorded; and, by way of changing the subject, followed it up with a question on her own score—"Are you writing another book?"

"Oh, yes," answered Vidal; "that is my trade, you know." He had wondered more than once why, during the whole time that he had been in Cornwall, Clare had never said a word to him about his literary pursuits; but, to be sure, he had given her little opportunity for doing so.

There was another short pause before she resumed: "Is it to be like the last?"

"I hope not," answered Vidal, with a laugh. "The last didn't give universal satisfaction, as I dare say you are aware."

"Didn't it?" said Clare: and then, rather hesitatingly, "Do you mind my saying that I didn't like it very much?"

"I don't mind in the least," replied Vidal, who, however, minded a good deal. "No one knows better than I do that it was a dull book."

"Oh, it was not that: it was extremely clever, I thought—only of course I am no judge. But—but is it quite true? Do you think people are really as bad as you make them out?"

"I should say they were—quite," answered Vidal. "The fact is, that I didn't know I had painted humanity at all particularly black."

"You painted London society very black, at all events. And there were no nice people in the book—at least, no nice women."

"I thought some of them were rather nice in their way," said Vidal.

In truth, he had tried to make them so; but as he had drawn most of his characters from real life, and had not, perhaps, penetrated much beneath the surface of their real lives, their defects had been rendered more prominent than their virtues.

"You seem to have no belief in women," pursued Clare. "You seem to think that they are all deceitful and vain and greedy, and that the things which they covet most in the world are plenty of money and plenty of admirers. I don't think that is the truth."

"Oh, but indeed," cried the young man, eagerly, "you are doing me a great injustice—or else I must have expressed myself very badly—if you think that is what I meant. I was writing about a particular class, and I never thought of passing such a sweeping censure even upon that class. I took what I believed to be types of it, that was all."

"And is your heroine a type of it?"

"Which do you call the heroine?"

"I supposed she was the heroine: at all events, there is more about her in the book than about anybody else. I mean the wretch who is in love with the hero, and who refuses to leave her husband, whom she hates, because she can't bear to lose her money and her position."

Vidal felt a little uncomfortable. He remembered certain passages in his book which he would just as soon that Miss Irvine should not have read, and he understood that what appeared to him to be a temperate enough picture of modern society might easily strike her as an abominable libel. "I am afraid such people do exist," he said, at length.

"Perhaps they do. There is Lady St. Austell, for instance—and I have heard of others. But surely they can't be so numerous as to be typical." She paused for a moment, and then gave utterance to the phrase which has made domestic criticism so appalling to many a writer. "You say fashionable women are like that," she remarked; "but—how do you know they are?"

Now, Vidal's past career, if not absolutely immaculate, would have borne looking into quite as well as that of the generality of young men who have lived in the world; but he was not prepared to tell Miss Irvine the exact means by which he had arrived at his knowledge of a certain variety of feminine character. So he answered: "Oh, well, a good deal of it is hearsay, of course. One must be guided in some degree by hearsay."

The effect of this admission was eminently satisfactory. "I should not have thought that hearsay was a very safe guide," Clare rejoined; but it was plain that the writer's chief offence in her eyes had now been removed. By-and-by, she added, "You will think me very presumptuous for saying all this; but I have wanted for such a long time to ask you whether you really meant what I fancied you did; and I am so glad that you don't."

"One writes of what one sees and hears," Vidal said. "Perhaps I have had rather too much of the atmosphere of London. If I had been near you—I mean, if I had been living at Polruth when I wrote that book, it would have been a very different production."

"And the next one will have been partly written at Polruth, will it not? I hope, from your saying that, that you find the atmosphere of Cornwall inspiring, and that you won't be in a hurry to leave it."

"I must leave it," returned the young man, abruptly. "I am going away to-morrow."

What made him come out with this blunt statement, and add no single word of explanation to it he hardly knew; but it may be that he was not wholly innocent of a dramatic intention. He was looking down when he spoke; but presently he stole a glance out of the corner of his eye and saw that Clare appeared not only startled but displeased.

"We shall all be very sorry to lose you," she said, rather coldly; "but it is natural that you should be bored here."

"Bored!" exclaimed Vidal. "But you can't think that. I have never been so happy in my life as during these last three weeks—yes; in spite of everything, I have never been so happy; and perhaps I shall never be so happy again. I would give ten of the years that I may still have before me to stay another month at Polruth—if I dared."

"If you dared?" repeated Clare, with raised eyebrows.

"Yes—if I dared. Don't you understand? I know you understand. I have been here too long, as it is. Heriot said I ought never to have come; and perhaps he was right. I didn't mean to tell you this; but you'll forgive it, I hope, now that I am going away so soon."

"Why must you go?" asked Clare, in a low voice.

He broke into a short laugh. "Why? Because I have only six hundred a year in the world, and because if I had six thousand you wouldn't care for me."

Clare made no answer; but she looked at him, and her eyes spoke a language which could not be misinterpreted.

*Lector dilectissime*, you have been young; possibly you are young still. It may be that you are yet conjugating the verb *amare* in the present tense, indicative mood, active and passive voices, whereas some of us have long since got on to the past tenses, and even to the conjunctive moods of these. But to whichever category you may belong, you must be aware that there are circumstances under which prudence ceases to be either possible or desirable, and you will therefore readily understand how it came to pass that Jack Irvine, sauntering homewards from the village, became aware of two figures seated in the garden above him, and was presently astounded to see them draw closer together and lose distinctness of outline in a close embrace. Jack was a young man who possessed some clearness of mental, as well as of physical vision, and his comments upon what he had witnessed were brief and to the purpose.

"By George!" he exclaimed aloud, after a protracted whistle; "there'll be a row in the house this journey, and no mistake! I don't believe the fellow has got enough to keep himself; and who the deuce was to suspect what he was after all this time? Why, he has hardly spoken a dozen words to her since he has been down here! Pretty bad form, I must say, keeping things dark like that."

Then, as he did not wish to play the spy any longer, he turned away and marched off in the opposite direction, with his hands in his pockets, meditating mournfully.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DREAMS.

Possibly, Jack Irvine, whose notion of a desirable brother-in-law was that such a person should be the owner, at the very least, of a country house and good shooting, may have been over ready to assume that the requirements of his parents must necessarily be the same as his own, and that they would at once refuse to listen to any suitor in Vidal's circumstances. Be that as it may, the "row" which he had foretold never came off. Poor Mrs. Irvine could not pretend to be very much pleased when Clare followed her into her bed-room that night and there made confession of what had occurred during the afternoon; but she neither reproached her daughter nor for-

bade the engagement. She had always been too kind-hearted to cherish schemes which were not compatible with the happiness of others, and although a son-in-law who, like Mr. Wilbraham, possessed money and lands, as well as influence in high quarters, would naturally have been more to her taste, it was not in her to reject Vidal merely on account of his poverty. So she only sighed, and said: "I think he might have spoken to your father first. It would have shown better feeling, if he had."

"But he did not mean to speak to anybody," Clare urged. "He meant to go away to-morrow morning without saying a word; and I suppose he would have gone and there never would have been any explanation at all, but for that fortunate accident. I shall always feel grateful to Bob for upsetting us out of the dog-cart."

"He must never be allowed to do such a thing again!" cried Mrs. Irvine, quickly—as though a repetition of the catastrophe might be expected to bring about a second improvident marriage. "How Jack ever trusted him with the reins, I cannot understand! But it is all very surprising to me. Oh, I don't mean to say a word against Mr. Vidal. I liked him from the first; and he is certainly very handsome and clever; only somehow he is not at all the sort of man whom I should have expected you to choose. And it is a pity that he should be so badly off; isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Clare; "but that is no fault of his; and, you know, we shall not be married for ever so long—not until he is making more money." Then she put her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her. "I am sorry, mamma," she whispered. "I know it is a disappointment, and you are very good about it. I did try to accept Mr. Wilbraham, and I thought perhaps I should be able to do it, until—until that time at Lucerne. Then I knew that it was not possible."

"At Lucerne!" ejaculated Mrs. Irvine. "Do you mean to say that it began so long ago as that? Well, in a sort of way, that is a relief; for I don't feel now as if I had been so much to blame in persuading him to come down here. Now, my dear child, you need not pull my cap off, because I really am quite fond of Mr. Vidal, and from what you tell me, I have no doubt that he tried to do what was right—only these things will happen, in spite of all precautions. I will talk to your father about it, and we shall see what he says. I can't promise that he will give his consent, you know."

But Clare knew very well that Mr. Irvine's consent was precisely what her mother could safely answer for at all times, and she had no fears as to the result of a formal appeal to the head of the family. It seemed almost unfair to take advantage of such simplicity; and, indeed, this was very much the feeling that Vidal had when he was summoned to the old gentleman's study the next morning, and was received as affectionately as if he had been a millionaire.

"I am sure that you will make Clare happy," Mr. Irvine was kind enough to say; "and my wife tells me that you are sincerely attached to one another. That is the essential thing—no doubt that is the essential thing."

"I think it is," Vidal said. "But," he added, with a smile, "I am afraid most fathers would consider it only one of the essentials; and I wanted to say, Mr. Irvine—I hope you understand—that I intended to keep silence until I had a rather larger income to offer. It wouldn't be true to say that I regret having spoken; but I do feel that I ought to be scolded. You are all much too kind and generous."

"Oh, you mean about the money?" Mr. Irvine said, rather vaguely. "Yes; Mrs. Irvine was telling me. Six hundred a year—it isn't much, certainly. I suppose one couldn't live upon six hundred a year, could one?"

The question was so evidently asked in perfect good faith that Vidal laughed outright. "I believe people do live upon even less than that," he replied; "but a very small income entails sacrifices which perhaps you would hardly like your daughter to put up with. I hope to be better off before long, and even now I make from about a hundred to a hundred and fifty more than the fixed sum that I have named; still it would unquestionably be more prudent for us to wait awhile before thinking of marriage."

Then he laughed again; for he could not help being a little tickled by the whimsicality of his preaching prudence to his prospective father-in-law.

Mr. Irvine remained grave, and rubbed his head with an air of perplexity. "The question of money," he observed confidentially, "is always a troublesome one. I used to think that I was pretty well off; but nowadays, what with education and allowances, and one thing and another, there are so many payments that I am apt to forget how I stand—at least, until I get my pass-book from the bank. But certainly we ought to help—oh, yes; we shall be able to help, to some extent; and although it may not be as much as we could wish"—He broke off, and then asked, almost apologetically, "Upon how little, now, do you think it could be done?"

Vidal hesitated; and indeed the question was not a very easy one to answer.

"Well," resumed Mr. Irvine, "I suppose a thousand a year would be the least. As you say, people do, no doubt, marry upon less; but we should not like to think of Clare being in difficulties. Let me see; six and four make ten—four hundred, h'm!" He pinched his lower lip between his finger and thumb and looked up with an appealing expression of helplessness. "Well, I'm sure I don't know," he said. "Possibly some means might be devised—but perhaps," suddenly brightening up—"perhaps you had better consult Mrs. Irvine."

All this was by no means what Vidal had anticipated, and it affected him with a mixture of gratitude and compunction. Who would ever have supposed that there were such disinterested people in the world? He felt almost inclined to say, "But, my dear, good Sir, you don't know the rules of the game. It is only when your daughter marries a rich man that you are required to make handsome settlements. If she takes a fancy to a pauper, your course is to point out that you can't afford to allow her anything: and then the match is broken off. You will be behaving very magnanimously by merely giving a conditional assent to our engagement."

He did not make this speech at the time; but he did afterwards say something of the kind to Mrs. Irvine, who laughed at him. Did he flatter himself, she asked, that it was for love of him that they wished to make their daughter comfortable? And if they could spare a few hundreds a year (it would not be four hundred, she was afraid, but it might be three; and surely the harvest of Mr. Vidal's pen would suffice to make up the deficiency)—if they could spare this money, how could it be better spent than in averting the ordeal of a long engagement?

"I abhor long engagements!" the good lady went on. "For the man it is all very well, because being engaged doesn't interfere with any of his amusements; but the poor girl is in a wretched position. Young men fight shy of her, and the other girls generally laugh at her in their sleeves, and declare that it will never come to anything. And most frequently it does not come to anything, as I could prove to you by many instances in my own experience. But now, what I was thinking was this. In London, a thousand a year doesn't go far.

You would be just able to keep your heads above water, no doubt, and you would have enough to eat and drink; but you couldn't attempt to go into society—and that makes life so dull for young people. But supposing that you were to take a house down here in Cornwall—and I know of several within reach that might do—there is the house that old Mrs. Tregenna used to live in, near St. Ives, for instance, and plenty of others—well, then, you see, you could live quite cheaply, and you would be able to keep a conveyance of some kind, and you could go about and see your friends. And the quiet of the country too—such a boon to a literary man! Then, as to the furnishing, that could be managed at a very small cost. We should take our time about it; we should attend sales; and Mr. Irvine would be of the greatest use to you in picking up unexpected bargains; for he knows every curiosity-dealer in the West of England, not to mention that he has endless oak chests and chairs and things stowed away in an outhouse, because we haven't a corner to put them in. I really do believe that, with a little time and trouble, we could furnish your house almost for nothing."

It will be seen that Mrs. Irvine's first feeling of chagrin had quite disappeared, and that she was looking forward to her daughter's marriage with that delight which an opportunity of arranging other people's affairs for them always afforded her. "What do you think?" she concluded, anxiously.

"I think you are the kindest people I ever met or heard of," answered the young man. "Of course there is no necessity for our living in London, and I am sure you are right about the money going further here than there. My only doubt is whether I should be at all justified in accepting so much from you."

"But it is Clare who accepts it, not you; and when you are rich, as I am sure you will be, after you have written another book or two, she need not take it any longer. Didn't I hear of somebody who had been paid five thousand pounds for a novel? And a novel could not take much more than a year to write, I suppose; so there is five thousand a year at once."

Perhaps it was hardly worth while to dispute the trustworthiness of this off-hand calculation; and indeed Mrs. Irvine (who had never read a syllable of Vidal's writings) had by this time quite convinced herself that the mantle of Dickens or Thackeray or George Eliot—it did not much matter which—had fallen upon the shoulders of her future son-in-law.

So it came to be an understood thing that Vidal and Clare, instead of waiting for an indefinite period, were to be married in the autumn, and this arrangement was fortunate enough to meet with an approval which was practically unanimous. Jack, while regretting that his sister should not have done better for herself and her family, admitted that, if she must needs wed a poor man, she couldn't have chosen a better fellow, adding, as the result of his observation, that when you had made up your mind to marry any particular person, you had best look sharp about it.

But Jack, to be sure, had not been consulted about the matter. Heriot, who had, was less accommodating. "Long engagements may be open to all the objections that you urge," was his reply to Mrs. Irvine's representations; "but I cannot see that there is any need for hurry in the present instance. Just now they are ready to consent to anything; and no doubt this part of the world strikes them as being a sort of Garden of Eden, but it is probable that one of them will think differently before very long; and then it might come to pass that you would regret having been so precipitate. Delightful as Cornwall is, it is not exactly the place of residence for a man who proposes to make his living by studies of modern life and character. Besides, they are both young, and they have known each other only a very short time. I really don't think that waiting a year or so would do either of them much harm."

"It seems to me that you want the engagement to be broken off," cried Mrs. Irvine, irritably; for what she had applied for was approval, not advice.

"Adrian Vidal is about the most intimate friend I have in the world," answered Heriot, "and I hope you know how I feel towards all of you. I have no more sincere wish than that both Clare and he should be happy."

This somewhat ambiguous response satisfied Mrs. Irvine, who returned, in a tone calculated to silence further opposition, "Then let them be happy in their own way."

For the time being, at all events, their happiness was complete. Their movements and their meetings were free from restriction of any kind, and, except in the shape of some derisive raillery on the part of the boys, they incurred no penalty for withdrawing themselves from the daily amusements of those about them. Whether, in the course of their protracted rambles, they learnt to know one another better, may be doubted, since they were both under the glamour of love; but their mutual admiration increased—which was perhaps a more desirable thing. As for Vidal, he could hardly believe in his good fortune, and told Clare as much, one day.

"It seems too good to be true," he said. "To think of it! Only a few days ago I was keeping myself alive upon a vestige—a mere vestige—of hope; just a little peradventure which I wouldn't allow common-sense to rob me of, though it tried hard. And now!—it is like a dream."

She gave his arm a slight pressure, by way of proving that she was a substantial reality; and presently, looking up into his face, she said, "Adrian, if I ask you a question, will you answer me?"

"Of course I will."

"But truly, I mean—as you would answer if anybody else asked you."

"Certainly; if I can."

She paused for a moment, drawing some wild flowers, which she had gathered, through his button-hole and then pulling them out again and throwing them away.

"Well?" said Vidal, smiling down upon her.

"Well, then—do you think that love lasts for ever?"

He answered "Yes." Perhaps no one, situated as he was, would or could have made any other reply; but it must be said for him that he believed himself to be speaking the truth. Love of the kind about which she was inquiring is a passion which may, in extreme cases, survive marriage by as much as a couple of years, but which far more frequently begins to fade after a few months of conjugal felicity; and of this abstract circumstance Vidal was just as well aware as the rest of the world. But then he knew that to every rule there are a few exceptions; and how could he doubt that their love for each other was of an exceptional kind? Had any two people ever loved so devotedly since the world began? It did not seem likely. So he said "Yes" with a quiet mind, and emphasized his assertion in the customary manner.

But she drew a little away from him. "You said just now that it was like a dream; and I am afraid it is a dream—it must be! Life can't really be so beautiful. And don't you think—don't you think that some day you may wake up?" She went on, without giving him time to reply, "It is so with other people: one can't help seeing it. Men have a sort of affection for their wives—something like friendship, if they

happen to get on well together. But I don't want that—I wouldn't have it—I would almost as soon that you hated me! Oh, Adrian, if you ever cared for anyone else as you care for me now, I think I should die!"

There was such a strange look upon her face, and she spoke with so much vehemence, that the young man was startled. "Why, Clare," he said, "what has put such notions into your head? Care for anyone else as I care for you! Don't you know that that is utterly impossible?"

"All sorts of impossible things happen," she answered, more quietly, and with a certain shamefacedness, "and all sorts of horrid thoughts come into one's mind. But one ought not to speak them out. Please, forget that I said that, Adrian."

But he did not forget it. He remembered the speech afterwards, when he was alone, and the look that had come over the girl's face as she uttered it, and he said to himself—not without reason, it may be—that he was unworthy of such love. Those few words were in some sort a revelation to him; for he was quick at interpreting signs of character, and he perceived what he had hitherto only half suspected, that Clare's was one of those deep and strong natures which surrender themselves wholly when they surrender at all, and which will be satisfied with nothing short of complete surrender in return. Well, if it were so, there was no need for disquietude. "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove;" nor would Clare ever have reason to complain that she did not hold the first place in his thoughts. She was not one of those unreasonable women who will quarrel even with that measure of allegiance which an artist owes to his art.

## CHAPTER XII.

## HERIOT'S WEDDING PRESENT.

The happy summer time stole on with scarcely a cloud, material or metaphorical, to dim its brightness. Every now and again a heavy shower would sweep in from the westward, converting the steep streets of Polruith into running water-courses for half an hour or so; but this year the elements seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to make two lovers happy; and day after day the sky and the sea were blue, and the rocks and islets of the coast slept in a golden haze, while Clare and Adrian wandered about together, repeating the old phrases which never suffer by repetition, while the boys, giving up this couple as hopeless, reverted to their ordinary pastimes, and while Mrs. Irvine scoured the county in search of eligible residences.

If there was a gloomy face in the household, it was that which rose above Heriot's bowed shoulders. He had congratulated his friend and had said all that was pretty and appropriate to Miss Irvine; but he had not managed to conceal from either of them the misgivings which he felt with regard to this marriage, and it was but natural that they should resent his unspoken disapproval. Therefore the news of his approaching departure was not greeted with that general chorus of protest which he was accustomed to hear annually from his hospitable friends at Cardrew. Mrs. Irvine, however, was loud in her reproaches.

"You have never given us less than a month before," she exclaimed, "and it is too bad of you to run away like this, just when I am in need of somebody to consult with. I know you think me a silly old woman for wanting to keep Clare near us; but that is no reason why you should deprive me of the benefit of your advice now that the thing is decided upon; and I am sure no one who has not had to look about for houses can have any idea of how difficult it is to find what you want. As for those two, I can't move them to take the slightest interest in the matter. They say that anything with four walls and a roof will do, and that they are quite content to leave it to me—which is so absurd; because it is they, not I, who will have to live in the house. Well, I must do the best I can. I suppose we shall see no more of you now until next summer."

"Oh, you haven't quite seen the last of me yet," answered Heriot, with a laugh. "I have been asked to stay with the St. Austells, and I dare say we can contrive one or two meetings before I leave Cornwall. So that the blow will be softened."

He did not add that the spare room at Cardrew might very possibly be coveted by one who had a better right than he to occupy it; although this was one of the reasons which had led him to hasten his leave-taking.

Adrian made no comment upon the subject, one way or the other; but that evening, when he had bidden the family good-night and was setting off for his lodgings, Heriot surprised him a little by saying, "I think I'll just walk down with you, Adrian, and smoke a pipe before I go to bed."

"All right," answered the young man. "Come along, and I'll give you a whisky-and-soda, or whatever it is that your doctor allows you to drink." But he was not very much delighted; for he thought, "Now I'm in for another lecture;" and it seemed to him that it was rather too late in the day to deliver or listen to lectures.

However, Heriot did not seem to have very much to say, after all. He walked almost in silence from the house to the village, and afterwards, at Vidal's lodgings, sat smoking for half an hour with a preoccupied air and replying in monosyllables to the remarks addressed to him. It was only when he had risen to go that he came to the point.

"You are to be married some time in the autumn, I suppose," he said, somewhat brusquely.

"I believe so. Nothing is absolutely settled yet."

"Yes;—well, I wanted to say that I'm afraid I shan't be able to come to the wedding."

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed Adrian, "I was counting upon you to do best man."

"Ah, I had the vanity to imagine that perhaps you might honour me so far; and that is why I thought I had better beg you at once to ask somebody else. I am sure you won't accuse me of unkindness; but you see, my health is so uncertain—and in the autumn I generally have to move south—and—and altogether, I am afraid I shall have to content myself with being with you in the spirit when the day comes."

He spoke with some hesitation and embarrassment; and Vidal, perceiving that these excuses were not genuine, was the least bit in the world offended. But he answered good-humouredly enough: "Just as you think best, old chap. We shall all miss you, of course; but if you're in Egypt, you can't be in Cornwall, that's certain."

"No; just so—that's it, you see," said Heriot; "and if I am not quite as far off as Egypt, I may very likely be on my way there; so that it would be best not to reckon upon me. And, Adrian," he added, producing an envelope from his pocket, and still speaking in the same hurried, uncertain manner, "I thought I would take this opportunity of giving you my wedding present. I have ventured to put it in the course and practical form of a cheque; because one wishes one's friends to buy what they will like, and how am I to know what would please a young lady?"

Adrian took the envelope, and murmured his thanks after the usual fashion. But it appeared that Heriot had still something to add. "It's not for a rather larger amount than one generally gives as a wedding present," he said; "but I

hope you won't mind that, and that you'll take it as it is meant. You know, I have more money than I can spend, and it occurred to me that furnishing and setting up house and all that—Besides which, I have my doubts about this Cornish establishment. I think it will have to be London, most likely, after all; and then, perhaps, a few extra tables and chairs, you know, might come in useful."

"I couldn't accept more than a certain amount, Heriot," said Vidal, somewhat alarmed by this incoherent explanation.

"Well, it isn't more than a certain amount," returned Heriot, sharply. "Don't be silly; I'm not offering you a fortune. Now, good-night; and may you never need a friend to help you out of trouble to the end of your days. But if you ever should, you know where to apply."

So the two men shook hands, and Heriot made for the door. But on the threshold he halted again irresolutely. "Look here, Adrian," he said; "I don't want to preach; but the old Adam is strong in me and I must say one word. You are going to marry a girl who has had no experience of life whatsoever. She knows nothing—literally nothing, about it, and when she goes to London she will hear and see many things which she won't like. Well, you are prepared for that, no doubt; still it may make you impatient at the time. Don't be impatient with her, and don't let her lose faith in you. Because, although she can easily be made happy, she can also be easily made unhappy, and I don't think she can very easily forgive."

Vidal nodded and smiled. The advice might be a little superfluous, but doubtless it was well meant. After Heriot had gone, he opened the envelope and found that it contained a cheque for £1000.

(To be continued.)

Sir Benjamin Pine, K.C.M.G., has been elected treasurer of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn for the ensuing year.

Mr. W. Graham, of the Midland Circuit, has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, in succession to the late Mr. Deedes; and Mr. G. F. Speke, of the Western Circuit, and Recorder of Helston, has been elected a Bencher of this honourable society, in succession to the late Mr. Cole, Q.C.

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison will hold the chief command on the occasion of the volunteer field-day at Brighton on Easter Monday. At an influential public meeting held at Brighton, presided over by the Mayor, the Town Council was requested to invite the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor to honour the review with their presence.

In a letter to Sir E. Henderson, Commissioner of Police, Sir W. V. Harcourt states that, by the personal command of the Queen, he has conveyed to Constables Cole and Cox her Majesty's high sense of the courage and devotion which they displayed on the occasion of the outrage at Westminster. The Albert Medal will be conferred on former, and both will receive promotion in the force.

The valuable collection of books in the health section of the Exhibition Library, consisting of about 1500 volumes, has been presented to the Parkes Museum, Margaret-street. The library of this museum already contains a large collection of standard works on sanitary science, and a complete collection of reports of medical officers of health over the whole country. The council have made special arrangements for the admission of students to the library and reading-room.

The Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland has fixed July 1, 2, and 3 as the days for holding the annual show, to be held this year at Londonderry. The Marquis of Hamilton has consented to become president of the society for the year. It was stated that the Irish Society has contributed £50 towards the prize list. Major Barrowes complained of the wealthy London Companies having estates in the north of Ireland not coming forward liberally in aid of the society.

Earl and Lady Spencer left the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, yesterday week, and took up their abode at Dublin Castle for the usual seven weeks' season. During the stay of his Excellency at the Castle, the utmost precautions will be taken. No one will, after nightfall, be permitted to pass the gates, which are guarded both by policemen and military sentries, without producing a written permit containing the name, abode, and occupation of the holder, who, in addition, must state to what department he is going, and what is his business. Constables will be scattered through the courtyards, and there will be two special constables guarding the gateway which communicates between the lower Castle yard and the upper yard, in which the state apartments are situated.

The prizes and certificates awarded to the students at the West London School of Art during the past year were distributed to the successful competitors yesterday week at the Steinway Hall. Mr. G. A. Thrupp presided, and Mr. Owen Roberts gave away the prizes. After an introductory address from the chairman, Mr. J. I. Rawle, head master, read his special report, which showed that 420 students had attended the school, and the Government grant had amounted to £472. No less than 5766 works had been sent to South Kensington for examination as the result of the twelve months' work; and the school obtained nearly 26 per cent of the entire number of national awards gained by the nineteen metropolitan district schools of art. Several works were sent up to the Health Exhibition, and a silver medal was awarded to the collective exhibit. The first of the three prizes offered by the Goldsmiths' Company for the best design for a toilet set, open to the whole kingdom, had been won by Mr. W. H. Woodall, a student at the school, and a travelling studentship, offered through the Painters' Company, had fallen to Mr. A. C. Weatherstone, who also took a gold medal in the national art competition at South Kensington, and other distinctions.

A special general meeting of the members and friends of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, for the purpose of electing seven annuitants to the benevolent fund, was held yesterday week at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street. The Society, which was founded in 1870, has a four-fold object—namely, to give annuities of £20 to aged cabdrivers unable by infirmity to earn their living; to grant loans and temporary assistance to members; to give legal assistance to members unjustly summoned to the police courts; and to assist the widows and orphans of members. Besides the annuitants then elected, there are twenty-three now receiving the pension. About thirty other deserving cases urgently demand relief, but lack of funds alone prevents the committee from extending to them the benefits of the institution. The candidates for the pension must be aged and incapacitated cabdrivers who for not less than three years have subscribed 5s. a year to the society. There are at present about 1000 benefit members, many of whom, with their wives and daughters, were present at the ballot, and remained for a concert given under the direction of Herr Lehmer, in which Mr. Howard Paul, Mr. F. Williams, Mr. Henry, Mrs. Chatteris, Miss Clara Myers, and other ladies and gentlemen took part. During an interval in the concert, Lord Ashley took the chair, and the result of the election of annuitants of the association was announced.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R.M.—Your description of the position is accurate. The key-move of the solution is 1. P to K 3rd, followed, if Black discovers check, by 2. K to R 3rd, and mating next move.

G.W.A. (City Club).—Please accept our cordial thanks for your unflinching courtesy, and our congratulations on the result of the match.

W.A. (Old Romney).—There is no Pawn wanted in No. 2131. Look at it again.

R.G. (Kensington).—In No. 2124, after White's move 1. Q to K 4th, should Black play 1. P to K 3rd, the continuation is 2. R to Q 4th, &c.

Toz (Manchester).—We think your solution of No. 2123 was acknowledged, but have not had time to verify our impression. The theme of No. 2123 is not absolutely new; but, as the theoretical manager observed, "revivals are often more successful than new plays." Thanks for good wishes.

Exmo (Darlington).—We are always glad to hear from you, and shall be pleased to examine and report on the problem referred to.

F.H. (Munich).—Thanks for the Sammler. You have, of course, seen our No. 2127.

A.T.L. (Ellangowan).—We believe Mr. W. Morgan, Caleonian-road, supplies India-rubber stamps of the chess-board and pieces.

L.K.H. (Pisa).—We cannot afford space to answer your question fully, but you can apply for particulars to the editor of the *English Mechanic*, York-street, Covent-garden, London. Your problem is still under examination.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2128 received from Fluck; of Nos. 2128 and 2129 from Ivan Sergey (Klagenfurt); of No. 2129 from R.L.G.; F.J. Whitehouse, William Davis; of No. 2129 from Columbia, L.K.H. (Pisa), Josiah Dupont, J. Veale, George, D.W. (Aberdeenshire), I. Dosanges, W.F.H. (Swansea), E.L.G. of J. Jespersen's Problem from Jumbo, D.W. (Aberdeenshire), Rev W. Anderson (Old Romney), B.H.C. (Salisbury), E.L.G. (William Davis); of LLOYD'S PROBLEM from S. Oldfield, E. Casella (Paris), W. Dore, R. Robinson, N.S. Harris, W. Hillier, R.J. Vince, H. Wandell, D.W. Kell, Ben Nevis, E. Salisbury, F. Ferris, Jupiter Junior, Carl Stepan, Emmo (Darlington), R. Worters (Canterbury), B.H.C. (Salisbury), Rev W. Anderson (Old Romney), E.L.G. and H. Blacklock.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2131 received from F.F. Pott, C.S. Cox, T.S. Richmond (Wexford), B.R. Wood, Otto Fulder (Ghent), L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, G. Oswald, L.L. Greenaway, G. Foshrook, Julia Short, G.S. Oldfield, A.C. Hunt, R. Jessop, Jupiter Junior, C. Barzaghi, E. Casella (Paris), Aaron Harner, R. Tweedell, T.H. Holdren, W. Dewse, Joseph Ainsworth, L. Falcon (Antwerp), G.W. Milson, N.S. Harris, Jumbo, R. Worters (Canterbury), D.W. Kell, Ben Nevis, A. Wignore, E. Loudon, E. Salisbury, R. Ingersoll, W.J. Knight, F. Ferris, P. and G. Howitt (Norwich), Jupiter Junior, James Filkington, R.L. Southwell, F. Featherstone, G. Huskisson, Carl Stepan, Chadford, J. Alois, Schumcke, Rev W. Anderson (Old Romney), and E.L.G.

NOTE.—This problem appears to have proved a hard nut to some of our regular solvers, if we may infer so from the diminished proportions of our list of correct solutions received. One correspondent, only one, states that it is inaccurate, but on re-examination of the position we could discover no error in the construction to warrant the suggestion.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2129.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 2nd	P moves
2. Kt to Kt sq	K takes P
3. R to K Kt 5th (ch)	K moves
4. Kt mates accordingly.	

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2130.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B 6th	B takes R*
2. Kt to B 2nd (ch)	Any move
3. Pawn mates.	

\* If Black play 1. Kt takes P, White continues with 2. Kt to B 2nd (ch), and 3. R to K 6th, mate. If 1. Kt to R 6th, then 2. Kt to K 3rd (ch), and 3. R to K 6th, mate. If 1. K to K 5th, then 2. R to K 6th (ch), and 3. Kt to Kt 3rd, mate. If any other move, then 2. Kt to B 2nd (ch), and 3. P to Q 3rd, mate.

## M. JESPERSEN'S PROBLEM.

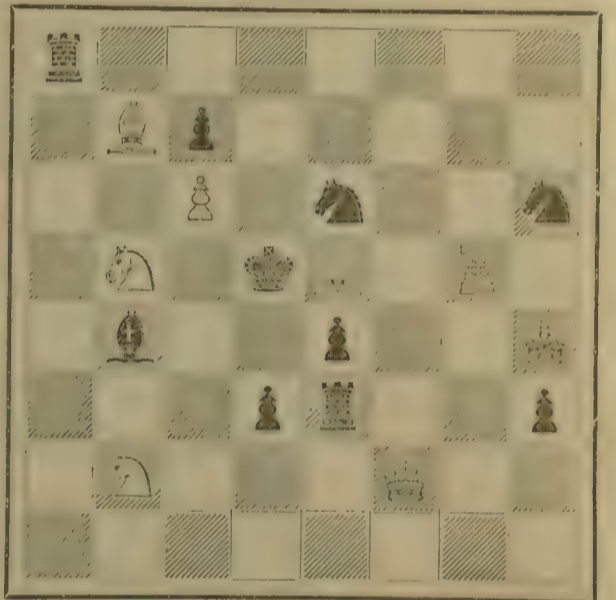
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to R 5th	K takes Kt
2. Kt to B 4th (ch)	K moves
3. Q mates.	

## Variations obvious.

## PROBLEM No. 2133.

By A. E. STUDD.

## BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

An interesting Game in which the veteran "Delta" yields the odds of K Kt to another Amateur.

(Remove White's K Kt from the board.)—(King's Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE ("Delta").	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE ("Delta").	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Weak. We should have preferred 12. P to K 4th.	
2. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	13. P to B 5th	Kt to Kt 4th
3. P to Q Kt 4th		14. P to B 6th	P to K Kt 3rd
In giving large odds something must be risked, but an Evans' Gambit without the King's Knight does not look "good business."		15. P to K 6th	Kt takes P
		16. K to R sq	P to Q 4th
3. P to Q B 3rd	B takes P	17. Kt to R 3rd	B to B 2nd
4. P to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	18. Q to Q 2nd	P to K R 4th
5. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	19. Kt to Q B 2nd	Q to Q 3rd
6. P to Q th	P takes P	20. P to Kt 3rd	P to R 5th
"Delta" here suggests 6. P to Q 4th for Black, and we agree with him that it would be better than the move in text.		21. B to R 3rd	
7. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	Black's short-lived attack is now at an end.	
8. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	22. P takes P	P to B 4th
9. B to Q 5th	Kt to K 4th	23. Q R to K sq (ch)	Kt takes P
10. P to K B 4th	Kt to K 3rd	24. R takes B (ch)	B to K 3rd
The movements of this Knight materially assist the development of White's game.			
11. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	25. P to B 7th (ch)	P takes R
12. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd	26. Q to Q 4th,	K to B sq
			and Black resigned.

The following two-move problem comes from the *Baltimore Sunday News*, via the *Nationaltidsende* of Copenhagen. It is the composition of Mr. C. E. Dennis, of Thurlow, Pennsylvania.

White: K at K Kt 8th, Q at K R 7th, R's at Q 6th and Q Kt 5th; B's at Q 3rd and 4th, Kts at K B 7th and K 6th. (Eight pieces.)

Black: K at K 2nd, R at Q Kt 5th, K at Q sq, Pawn at Q 2nd. (Four pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

At the monthly supper of the City of London Chess Club, held on the 26th ult., Mr. R. Filkington presided, and was supported by a large gathering of members. Among the toasts of the evening were the health of Dr. Zukertort, the umpire in the late match with the St. George's Chess Club; the health of Mr. H. F. Gastineau, the vice-president; Mr. George Adamson, the honorary secretary; and the chairman. A smoking concert followed the toasts, and the meeting did not break up until close upon midnight.

A match between the Athenaeum and North London Clubs was played on the 21st ult., thirteen competitors on each side. It was won by the last-named club with a score of eight games to five.

The handicap tournament of one hundred members of the City of London Chess Club is now over in all the sections except one. The winners are Mr. W. F. Vase, second class, Mr. B. G. Laws (third class), Mr. J. H. Taylor (third class), Mr. J. H. Clark (sixth class), Mr. L. Stichel (third class), Mr. M. Klemantaski (fourth class), Mr. H. D. Woolley (fourth class), Mr. G. A. Hooke (second class), Mr. C. P. Griffiths (third class). In the section which is not yet decided, Mr. W. C. Coupland (third class) and Mr. Thomas Durrant (fourth class) have tied for first place.

The annual general meeting of the City of London Chess Club will be held on Wednesday, the 27th inst., when officers for the coming year will be elected.



WAR IN THE DESERT: A RUNNING FIGHT.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 30, 1884) of the Right Hon. Richard George, Earl of Scarborough, late of Sandbeck Park, Tickhill, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 5 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by the Right Hon. Alfred Frederick George Beresford, Earl of Scarborough, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £90,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Frederica Mary Adeline, Countess of Scarborough, £2000, a carriage and a pair of horses, with the harness and appendages as she may select. All his real and personal estate, subject to the said legacies and charged with the payment of his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, he gives to his said son.

The will (dated May 7, 1874) of Mr. Edward Carter, late of Thames Bank, Westminster, and of Upton, near Ryde, who died on Nov. 12 last, was proved on Dec. 30 by George Carter Eveleigh, Thomas Valentine Smith, and Edward Carter, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £82,000. The testator bequeaths £500, all his furniture, plate, pictures, linen, books, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and an annuity of £1200, to his wife, Mrs. Martha Carter; he also gives her a right of residing during widowhood at Upton; legacies amounting to £20,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mary Joanna and Georgina; and £100 each to his executors, Mr. Eveleigh and Mr. Smith. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son, Edward Carter.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1881), with four codicils (dated Oct. 3, 1881; Sept. 3, 1882; and Feb. 20 and April 4, 1883), of Mr. George Atty, late of the Middle Temple, and of Redfields, Croydon, in the county of Southampton, who died on March 14 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by the Rev. Abraham Adlard Welby and Henry Potter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £57,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Eleanor Mary Welby; £3000, upon trust, for Catherine Adeline Atty, for life, and then for Mrs. Harriot Kerr; and some other legacies. His freehold estate, Redfields, he settles on Adlard Welby for life, then on Abraham Adlard Welby for life, and then on Adeline Bertha Welby. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the said Rev. Abraham Adlard Welby and his children.

The will (dated April 15, 1874), with two codicils (both executed in May, 1879), of Mr. James Bischoff, formerly of No. 73, Kensington Gardens-square, but late of No. 44, Sonnenberger Strasse, Wiesbaden, who died on Nov. 21 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Thomas Wolryche Stansfield and August Gottlieb Meissner, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator leaves £10,000 and all his furniture, plate, jewellery, books, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bischoff; some shares in the Van Diemen's Land Company, and £4000, to his said nephew, subject to his paying thereout £200 per annum to his wife, for life; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and at her death, as to one moiety for the children of his sister Sarah Towgood, and as to the other moiety for the children of his sister Margaret Meissner.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1882), with a codicil (dated Oct. 15, 1884), of Mr. Joseph Chatto Lamb, late of Ryton House, in the county of Durham, who died on Nov. 6 last, was proved at the district registry, Durham, on Dec. 29 by William Rutherford Lamb, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Anderson Lamb, his carriages, carriage horses, wines and consumable stores, and an annuity of £300 (subject to reduction in the event of her marriage again) in addition to the annuity secured to her by their marriage settlement; and to his son, Joseph Chatto Lamb, £4000 and a share in a steam-vessel, also a further sum of £4000 if alive on the death of testator's wife. All his real estate and the residue of the personalty he gives to his said son, William Rutherford Lamb.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1880), with two codicils (dated June 18 and Dec. 18, 1883), of Mr. William Peere Williams-Freeman, formerly of her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, but late of Clapton, Northamptonshire, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on Dec. 27 by the Rev. Ernest Pearce Williams-Freeman, the brother, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator gives to his wife his furniture, linen, china, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, £300, and an annuity of £400 during life or widowhood, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement; his diamonds to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; his plate to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; to his sons, Lionel and Ralph, to his daughters, Agnes Caroline and Violet Mary, and also to any after-born children, such sum as with the sums they will receive under settlement will make up their portions to £9000 each; and legacies to executors and others. All his real estate and the residue of the personalty he leaves to his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1884) of Mr. Brooke James Greville, late of No. 17, Stanhope-gardens, Cromwell-road, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 22 last, has been proved by Oscar Leslie Stephens, junior, the sole executor, the value of the

personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 and all the silver plate bearing his arms, upon trust, for his son, Harry Fulke Greville; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, Catherine Caroline Greville, for life, and then as she shall by will appoint.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1880) of Mr. John Fisher, late of Dudley, Worcestershire, iron merchant, who died on May 21 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Henry Starkey Coldicott, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator leaves £150 and his residence, with the furniture and effects, and £600 per annum for life, to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Fisher; and an annuity to his sister. There are some specific gifts to his son, William Fellowes, but no further provision is made for him, he being already amply provided for. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sons Walter Penson and John Herbert, and to his daughters, Elenor Gertrude and Jessie Catherine Louise.

CANDIDATES FOR SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Examiner for the London School Board Scholarships sends to the *Journal of Education* the following notes of answers:—

1. By what right does the Queen sit on the throne? (a) Because Prince Albert married her, and she was the daughter of the late King, and grand-daughter of Rollo, the Sea King; (b) she was the only daughter of Edward VI., who was her father, son of Edward V.; (c) she won a great battle.
2. Explain the meaning of the Executive, manhood suffrage, and protective duties.—The Executive was the man who was appointed to the duty of hanging a person, or otherwise executing him. Manhood suffrage is the state of suffering to which all mankind are born. The protective duty was the duty of a man to protect another person from receiving harm of any kind.
3. Cromwell was the brother of Lord Wolseley. Prince Rupert was a celebrated experimental chemist. Thomas Wyatt was the man who helped to invent locomotive engines. Washington invented steam-engines; he was a great philosopher. Warren Hastings was a Viking; he landed in England and tried to take it, but was defeated. Lord Nelson was a brave man who fought in the Battle of Waterloo. Washington fought with Nelson in the Battle of Waterloo, and took his place when he was killed. Nelson's last words were, "Do not throw me overboard unless the King wishes to." Lord Palmerston lived in the reign of William I., and was the chief of the feudal system.
4. An alderman is (a) a man who keeps turtles; (b) a man who cuts down alders; (c) a man who feeds on the people. (N.B.—The above is a Radical answer.) A Conservative is a man who looks down on Liberals; a Liberal is a man who spends the people's money freely. Mr. Gladstone is a Liberal and head of the House of Commons; Lord Beaconsfield is a Conservative and head of the House of Lords. An antiquary is an enemy of fishes (Latin *anti*, against, and *aqua*, water).
5. Explain "All the world's a stage."—The world is a flat surface, like a stage for people to walk on. The seasons are caused by the sun going round the moon.
6. Explain "The child is father of the man."—(a) The law is such that the father can't do nothing to his own boy; (b) everyone knows, or nearly everyone, that Adam is our common parent, but he couldn't have been such if he had not been a child first, though we're not told so in the Bible.
7. An essay on "Your favourite author."—I cannot say which I like best out of Shakespeare or Longfellow; "As You Like It" enchants me, but "Excelsior" is supreme.

At the eleventh annual meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street—Mr. S. Morley, M.P., in the chair—the chairman remarked that there was a debt of £2000 on St. Margaret's Home, and if £1600 were raised within the year he would add £400 to pay it off. It was stated that the awards from the fund had been £9000 last year, and it was agreed that the collection in the streets ought to be on the third Saturday in July.

Yesterday week the annual meeting of the Association for the Better Endowment of the University of Edinburgh was held in the Physicians' Hall, Edinburgh—the Lord Provost presiding. The report stated that there was a balance of the ordinary funds of the association applicable to permanent foundations amounting to £1553. Since the last annual report, various new foundations in the University had been intimated. The report gave a statement of the income and expenditure of the General University Fund for the last year for which such information was available, 1882-3, from which it appeared that the income from matriculation and graduation fees was £8749 14s. 6d., and from other sources £4242 14s. 1d., making a total of £12,992 8s. 7d. The ordinary expenditure amounted to £11,052, but, with an additional contribution of £2000 towards the cost of the new buildings, there was a surplus expenditure of £59 14s. The Lord Provost moved the adoption of the report. The Rev. Dr. Phin seconded the motion, and, referring to the appointment of Sir William Muir to the Principalship, said he had no doubt that under the new Principal the University would go on increasing in prosperity and popularity. The report was adopted.

THROUGH MASAI LAND.

The recent achievements of Mr. Joseph Thomson in exploring that part of East Africa between Mombasa, on the seacoast north of Zanzibar, and Lake Victoria Nyanza, are in some degree known to our readers. We published, not long since, a few illustrations, from photographs, with which Mr. Thomson had furnished us, of Mount Kilimanjaro in the south of that region, Mount Kenia in the north, and the habitations and personal appearance of the Masai people. A volume full of interesting narrative and description, entitled *Through Masai Land*, is now produced by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., in which Mr. Thomson conducts us over the whole of that new ground, and makes a valuable addition to geographical knowledge. The fatigues and perils he endured in this expedition, from March, 1883, to the end of May, 1884, were as severe as those experienced by travellers of great renown in Central Africa. He is still a comparatively young man, having been scarcely of age in 1877, when he accompanied the late Mr. Keith Johnston to the Lake Nyassa region, and soon took command of the expedition upon the lamented death of its first leader. The Royal Geographical Society may expect much good future work from Mr. Thomson; and we hope for some more books, equal in value to those he has given us on the "Central African Lakes," and on "Masai Land." The country north-west of Mombasa, which lies four degrees south of the Equator, had been entered by Dr. Krapf and his colleague Rebmann, German missionaries, by the Baron von der Decken and the Rev. C. New, but they had not gone much farther than Mount Kilimanjaro, which is certainly a magnificent feature of Eastern Africa. The great obstacle to getting northward seems to have been the savage and inhospitable temper of the Masai, who occupy a strip of inland country three or four hundred miles long and ninety miles wide, its southern portion consisting of desert plains, with many volcanic peaks of great altitude; its northern part, a beautiful plateau, 6000 ft. high, inclosed between two parallel mountain ranges, copiously watered and richly wooded, especially on the east side beneath the Aberdare range, while Lakes Naivasho, Nakura, and Baringo, lie in the trough below the great western escarpment. Mr. Thomson is the actual discoverer of these places; and his explorations were thence directed westward, through Masawa, to the north-west corner of the great Equatorial Lake Victoria Nyanza, the probable source of the Nile, among the Kavirondo tribes; and eastward into Lykipia, between the Aberdare range and Mount Kenia, a country of forests and swamps, and of natives whose disposition is extremely "nasty" to deal with. He had difficulty enough in getting out of that country, and the patience, tact, and discretion with which he managed to escape any violent conflict, and to guard against murderous treachery, deserve much commendation. His stores of goods for the purchase of food and accommodation became exhausted; and in December, when he turned back from the shores of Victoria Nyanza, he was attacked by fever, which was aggravated by exposure and fatigue in the homeward journey, and complicated with dysentery, till it brought him very near death. His only European companion, an intelligent Maltese sailor named James Martin, rendered all possible help and comfort; he had ten guards from Zanzibar, and a hundred luggage-porters or general servants, with two donkeys for riding, but travelled mostly on foot. Hunting adventures, including such large game as the elephant and the buffalo, were tolerably frequent, and Mr. Thomson was once tossed by a buffalo, whose horn inflicted a big wound in his thigh. The variety and exciting character of his personal experiences have much romantic interest; but his clear and vivid descriptions of the physical geography of a region previously quite unknown, and of savage tribes differing in many of their customs from other East African nations, are of greater importance. The volume is furnished with a route map, a geological map, and numerous illustrations, from photographs and sketches, well engraved on wood.

At a meeting of the London School Board recently held the Finance Committee reported that £1,160,138 would be required to meet estimated liabilities to March next year. This requires a rate of a little over ninepence in the pound.

The new artisans' and labourers' dwellings erected on the Petticoat-square site, near East Aldgate station, were opened last week by Mr. George R. Innes, chairman of the Commissioners of Sewers. The new buildings will afford a large amount of accommodation for artisans, &c., and the rents are to be fixed at as low rates as possible.

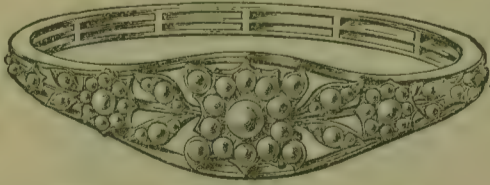
Miss Rye's next party of children for Canada will leave England in March; and she has room in her training-home for a few little destitute girls, between the ages of eight and thirteen, whose friends are willing for them to emigrate. Applications to be made at once to Miss Lizzie Still, Avenue House, High-street, Peckham, London.

The City Corporation have voted £525 for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquakes in Spain; £105 for the widows and families of the crew of the steam-ship Pochard, lately wrecked off Holyhead; and granted a superannuation allowance of £450 a year to Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Bowman, Chief Superintendent of the City Police, who retired after fifteen years' service.

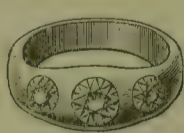
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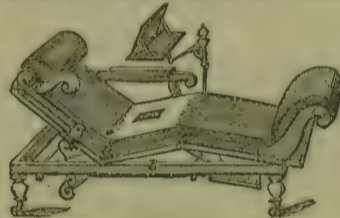
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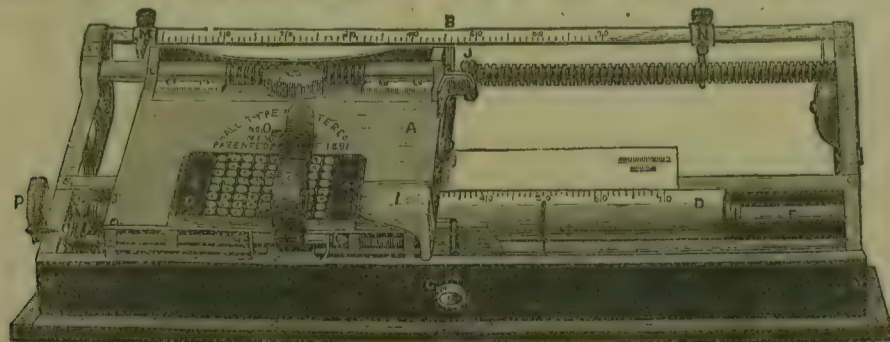
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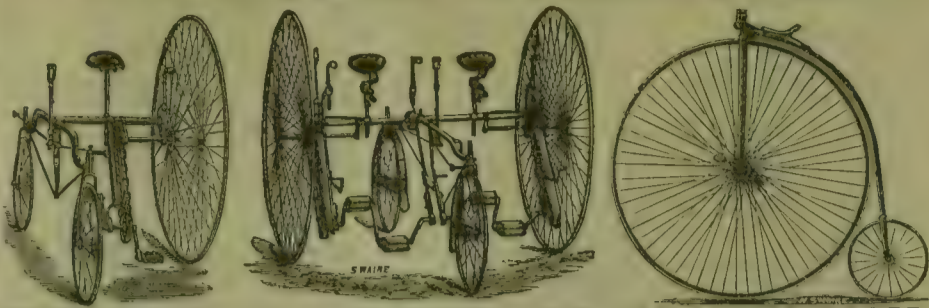
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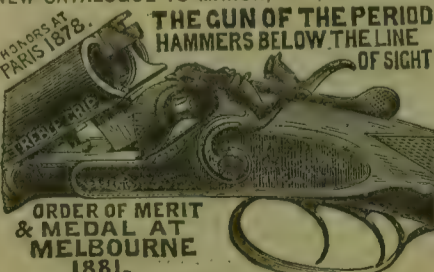
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## GEORGE ELIOT.\*

It is evident that George Eliot, modest and diffident though she was, anticipated for her novels a permanent place in literature; and no critic capable of forming a judgment can doubt that she was justified in doing so. Her heart is in her books, and the "precious life-blood" that flows through them gives a fresh and larger life to the reader. It has been said that the author's personal character may be read in such tales as "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," and to some extent this is true; but a womanly nature like that of George Eliot is not to be read alone in works of imagination, and there is a reasonable curiosity to know how she lived her own life, what she thought, what she did, what she suffered, how she took her part in the common affairs of every day, and whether there was a harmony between the imaginative life of the novelist and the prosaic life of the woman.

We may say at once that this curiosity is not satisfied by Mr. Cross. Interesting as the three volumes of George Eliot's biography are, the reader is conscious that this is far from being a full representation of character and circumstances. Perhaps it could not have been otherwise, considering the peculiar domestic relations of George Eliot and the situation of Mr. Cross. His position was one of great delicacy, and he shows no little tact and good taste in leaving the union between Mary Ann Evans and George Henry Lewes to be explained and justified by his late wife. Of the pain that it cost her thus to oppose the moral judgment of society, and of the comparative isolation that ensued from it, we hear nothing; and of Lewes himself the portrait drawn is not from the hand of a faithful artist, but from that of an affectionate, loving woman. Then it is impossible to doubt that the struggle of a nature like George Eliot's, in passing through so many phases of faith, must have been far more severe than it appears to be in these volumes. To judge from them, apart from other sources of knowledge, it would seem as if these spiritual changes were due even more to a sympathetic, responsive nature than to mental conviction; for, with all her genius, the heart in George Eliot held a more potent sway than the intellect.

It is the aim of Mr. Cross that his wife should as far as possible tell her own story, which is done by means of letters and journals; and he observes that each letter has been pruned of everything that he thought George Eliot would have wished to be omitted. By such a process, something is gained, since, from first to last, no unkindly word is uttered of the living and no bitter feeling roused; but much also is lost, for the woman, as she appeared to others, is scarcely seen at all. Still, if the book does not satisfy the admirer and lover of this fine writer, if it wants the "special touches" which Lewes thought so necessary in biography, its attraction will be felt by every reader. Without attempting, therefore, to give anything like an abstract of a biography which, if the subject be a guarantee, should be the most popular of the season, we shall be content to note a few points of interest suggested by these volumes.

Creative genius and an ardent desire for acquirement do not always go hand-in-hand, but with George Eliot the love of learning was an enduring passion. It began when she was a child, and up to the day of her death she was still "climbing after knowledge infinite." "I enjoy all subjects, all study," she writes in mature age, "more than I ever did in my life before. . . . Science, history, poetry—I don't know which draws me most, I could enjoy everything, from arithmetic to antiquarianism." And we believe George Eliot could master any subject with the single exception of mechanics, in which she found it impossible to take an interest. Her love of books and their authors is warmly and frequently expressed in these letters, and occasionally, too, we find a strong utterance of dislike. Lamb and Scott were her friends in youth, and her love for them never changed. She thought the life of Scott a perfect biography, and, after reading it aloud, felt, on closing the book, a personal sorrow. In earlier days, Sir Charles Grandison was read, and the morality pronounced to be perfect; but Byron, so popular in her youth, is styled the most vulgar-minded genius that ever produced a great effect in literature. Of contemporary writers, Hawthorne was a great favourite, while Thackeray's "Esmond" is "the most uncomfortable book you can imagine." To talk to Dickens was a great pleasure—"there is a strain of real seriousness" she writes, "a'ong with his keenness and humour"; "Aurora Leigh" was read for the third time with more enjoyment than ever; Darwin's famous book is tabled as not impressive from want of orderly presentation; and Buckle, as a writer, inspired her with a personal dislike. Enough of books, perhaps; but, before passing to another subject, the following short passage must be quoted:—"If my book-marker were just a little longer, I should keep it in my beautiful Bible in large print, which Mr. Lewes bought for me in provision for my old age. He is not fond of reading the Bible himself, but 'sees no harm' in my reading it."

George Eliot had a high sense of the dignity of literature. For her it was no idle trade, and large as were the sums she received for her novels, it was in no mercenary spirit that she wrote them. "Do you see," she writes, "how the publishing world is going mad on periodicals? If I could be seduced by such offers, I might have written three poor novels and made my fortune in one year. Happily, I have no need to exert myself when I say, 'Aunt thee, Satan!' Satan, in the form of bad writing and good pay, is not seductive to me." And when composing the "Spanish Gypsy," she says, "Don't you imagine how the people who consider writing simply as a money-getting profession will despise me for choosing a work by which I could only get hundreds, where for a novel I could get thousands?" Her literary conscience was always highly sensitive; and, tolerant as she was in her estimate of all sincere work, she had no tolerance for writers whose chief object is to make a sensation and to put money in the purse. "Is it not odious that as soon as a man is dead his desk is raked, and every insignificant memorandum, which he never meant for the public, is printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to re-read his books? I think this fashion is a disgrace to us all. It is something like the uncovering of the dead Byron's club-foot."

Like her great sister-novelist, Jane Austen, George Eliot has few signs of humour in her correspondence. A spirit of intense earnestness pervades it, and only here and there do we find faint indications of the genius that created Mrs. Poyser and Dolly Winthrop, Mr. Brooke and Mrs. Cadwallader. The shortness of life and the length of art, the little genuine sincere worth in the world, and the mass of frivolity, seem to have constantly impressed her. Passages illustrating these feelings might be quoted in large numbers, but one or two must suffice. "There comes a season," she writes on one occasion, "when we cease to look round and say, 'How shall I enjoy?' but, as in a country which has been visited by the sword, pestilence, and famine, think only how we shall help the wounded, and how find seed for the next harvest—how till the earth and make a little time of gladness for those who are being born without their own asking." And here are words that might have been uttered by

Dorothea Brooke, whose nature was much akin to that of George Eliot. "People talk of the feelings dying out as one gets older; but at present my experience is just the contrary. All the serious relations of life become so much more real to me—pleasure seems so slight a thing, and sorrow and duty and endurance so great; I find the least bit of real human life touch me in a way it never did when I was younger."

One of the few pages, written by Mr. Cross in *propria persona*, pictures with great felicity George Eliot's receptions at the Priory. In the common talk of society she was not gifted; and he describes how, when engaged in conversation, her body was usually bent forward with eager, anxious desire to get as close as possible to the person with whom she talked. "Playing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested her nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain. Fortunately, Mr. Lewes supplied any qualities lacking in the hostess. A brilliant talker, a delightful raconteur, versatile, full of resource in the difficulties of amalgamating diverse groups and bridging over awkward pauses, he managed to secure for these gatherings most of the social success which they obtained." Mr. Cross alludes also to the charming little dinners, never exceeding six persons; and that one of them, at least, was charming the writer of this article can testify.

Our space is exhausted. There is sadness in this self-told story of George Eliot's life, as there is profound sadness in her novels; but it is impossible to put down one or the other without feeling the presence of a great spirit lingering with you still.

## THE NEW TILBURY DOCKS.

At the invitation of the chairman and directors of the East and West India Dock Company, a numerous party, including many representatives of the leading railways, visited Tilbury yesterday week to see the progress already made on the works for the new docks.

A special train from Fenchurch-street conveyed the visitors to Tilbury in about thirty-five minutes; and, under the guidance of Mr. Dobree, the chairman of the dock company, Colonel Du Plat Taylor, the secretary, Mr. A. Manning, the engineer in charge, and Mr. Colson, of the firm of Messrs. Lucas and Aird, the contractors who are carrying out the works, they were conducted, in the first place, to the river bank, where the entrance to the great tidal basin will be cut when the excavations have been completed. Descending next into the deep hollow made by digging out the earth over an area of more than nineteen acres to form the tidal basin, the party inspected the nearly completed structural portions of the lock through which ships will pass into the main and branch docks. The great lock, which is 700 ft. in length and 80 ft. in width, and which will have a depth of water above the sill at low water during spring tides of 36 ft., is divided by middle gates into two lengths of 550 ft. and 150 ft. respectively. Near to and parallel with this lock, and also opening directly into the main dock, are two graving docks, so spacious and deep that the largest steamer at present afloat or likely to be built might enter when loaded, and so constructed that by the use of four powerful steam centrifugal pumps, made by Messrs. Simpson, of Pimlico, it will be possible to empty the dock in two hours for the thorough examination or repair of the ship. So much progress has been made with the great excavation for the main dock that, with the exception of about 400 ft. of the side of one of the branch docks, the foundations of the 4½ miles of quay are all laid. The dock lines of railway, it may be added, comprising some fifty or sixty miles of sidings, will be in connection, at Bow, Bromley, and Barking Junctions, with all the trunk lines north of the Thames; and for communication with the Continent and with the south of England there will be access to the South-Eastern Company's wharf and to the new waterside premises of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. The company are confident that the docks will be completed by the end of this year.

After the visit to the dock works, the inspecting party crossed the river in a special steam-boat, and had lunch at the Falcon Hotel. Mr. H. H. Dobree, chairman of the East and West India Dock Company, presided.

## MODERN PIANOFORTE COMPOSERS.

Professor Ernst Pauer addressed the members of the Royal Institution in Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, yesterday week, on the works of living composers for the pianoforte. He confined his attention to a period of about twenty-five years, and included only composers who were still in the prime of life and who expressed in their works the spirit of the present age. The spirit which distinguished our present pianoforte music from that of the earlier times was that of elegance, more cleverness than feeling, and carefully considered refinement. None of the composers introduced could boast of the genius of Mozart, Beethoven, or Schubert, but they might lay claim to talent of a high order, and they had, by earnest, steady, undaunted perseverance and accomplishment, certainly attained a high degree of very artistic excellence. All the present composers had been influenced by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, and Wagner. Each of the pieces to be performed was full of piquancy and elegance; every point was polished and finished with the greatest care, even to the minutest detail. Of the composers included in his programme, two, Brahms and Rheinberger, might be called scholastics. Rubinstein, a Russian, showed in his work not only great impulsiveness and fire, but also a certain wildness—qualities belonging to his compatriots. Ischaikowski seemed to possess a much milder and less impulsive feeling than his older countrymen, but in his compositions he gave them most effective characteristic pictures of the Russian people. The Norwegian, Greig, was a national composer par excellence. He never could divest himself of certain crude and harsh harmonies, which resulted from the imperfect state of the Norwegian peasants and shepherds. At the same time, his pieces possessed an undeniable charm by their quaintness and interest. Scharwenka, in his Polish dances, had given them specimens which deserved to be compared with the beautiful mazurkas of Chopin. Nodde, a German, possessed great refinement, and succeeded in portraying in the most delightful manner the Italian character in the canzonetta and tarentella. Moszkowski was also very successful in his characteristic pieces. Professor Pauer gave short biographical sketches of the composers he had mentioned, and his son, Mr. Max Pauer, rendered on the pianoforte works in which their style was strongly exemplified.

An exhibition of the water-colour drawings of the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A., will be held towards the end of February, at the rooms of Mr. Dunthorne, in Vigo-street, in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

The managers of the Gaiety Theatre have placed their theatre at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest in the City-road for a matinée performance, to be given on Thursday, Feb. 12, in aid of the Building fund of the new wing.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

Rarely has any church been more crowded than was that of Christ Church, Hunter-street, Liverpool, on Thursday morning, last week, on the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, Rector of Hawarden, with Miss Annie Crosthwaite Wilson, third daughter of Mr. C. B. Wilson, of Abercromby-square. The church was tastefully decorated, and the bride was met at the west end of the edifice by the choir, the Rev. J. W. B. Sproule, and the officiating clergy, who were the Rev. Malcolm McColl, Rector of St. George's, Botolph-lane, and Canon of Ripon, and the Rev. Robertson Bardell, Vicar of the parish. As the bridal procession passed up the central aisle, the hymn "How welcome was the call" was sung; and after the Benediction, and before the address, another hymn, "O Holy Spirit, Lord of Grace," was sung. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of ivory Sicilienne silk with square drapery, trimmed with real lace and festoons of orange-blossoms, tulle veil, and wreath of real orange-blossoms. Her bridesmaids were Miss Wilson, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Agnes Wilson, Miss Gladstone, Miss Bower, and Miss Dumaresq. They wore dresses of crème nu's veiling, trimmed with gold braid and massive bands made in the Grecian style: fine crème Dunstable straw bonnets, trimmed with crème velvet, and crème aigrettes with crème and gold osprey. The two younger bridesmaids wore crème Dunstable straw Marguerite hats. Mrs. Wilson wore a rich reseda silk dress petticoat of plush basque and train of silk, trimmed with real lace, and a bonnet to match, trimmed with plush of the same hue, with reseda and crimson-shaded ostrich-plumes. The guests included only members and relations of both families. The Premier was heartily cheered on arriving and leaving the church. The bride and bridegroom left for Halkin Castle, Flintshire, kindly lent by the Duke of Westminster, the bride's going-away dress being of bronze cashmere, trimmed with plush, and bonnet and muff to match trimmed with humming birds. The wedding presents were about two hundred in number, and were of a costly and beautiful nature; they included a diamond cross and a dressing-case from Mrs. Gladstone, and a diamond ring from the Prime Minister. The Duke of Westminster and Sir Andrew Clark each sent a cheque for £100, and presents were likewise received from the parishioners of Hawarden and the household at the castle.

There was a large gathering of Herefordshire and Shropshire notables on the same morning at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to witness the marriage of Sir Olley Wakeman, Bart., with Miss Rouse-Boughton, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Boughton. The officiating clergy were the Dean of Hereford and the Rev. C. W. H. Kenrick. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a magnificent dress of white satin duchesse, draped in front with white satin and trimmed with point de gaze lace, and bouquets of orange-blossoms. Her corsage was en suite, the train being very long. She wore a Brussels veil and a wreath of orange-blossoms, fastened with diamond stars. The bridesmaids—Miss Boughton Knight, Miss Florence Boughton Knight, the Hon. Gertrude Hambury, Miss Mary Herbert, Miss Adlington, Miss Thompson, Miss Meyrick and Miss Marion Cartwright—wore dresses of cream satin mervilleux, trimmed with coffee-coloured lace and Neapolitan velvet ribbon, bronze shoes, and brown silk stockings, straw bonnets trimmed with cream velvet and Neapolitan violets, of which their bouquets were also composed. The best man was Mr. H. O. Wakeman, of All Souls' College, Oxford. The bride and bridegroom left in the afternoon for the south of England, the bride's going-away dress being of sapphire blue velvet, draped with cashmere, and jacket and bonnet en suite. Among the many presents received by the bride was a beautiful necklace of pearls from the inhabitants of Ludlow, and an inkstand and candelabra from the Freemasons, while Sir Olley Wakeman received a splendid clock from the Shropshire Freemasons, of which he is Deputy Grand Master.

St. Michael's, Chester-square, was crowded the same morning on the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. William Charles Gib, Junior Chaplain Madras Establishment, and eldest son of Brigadier-General W. A. Gib, C.B., with Miss Fannie Fleming, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Fleming, Vicar of the parish and one of the Canons of York. The service was semi-choral. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. H. N. Purcell, M.A., Vicar of Fowey, Cornwall, uncle of the bride; Rev. E. S. Carter, M.A., Minor Canon of York; and Canon Stevenson, D.D. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of striped white satin with pearl tablier in front, and net veil. The bridesmaids were Miss Fleming, Miss Minnie Fleming (sisters of the bride), Miss Gib (sister of the bridegroom), and Miss Clerke, daughter of Lady Clerke. They wore dresses of light brown cashmere, trimmed with dark brown velvet, dark brown velvet hats, trimmed with light brown feathers and osprey, their ornaments being gold brooches in the shape of a fan, the gift of the bridegroom. The best man was Mr. J. M. Paterson, of Corpus Christi, Cambridge.

Gadesbridge, Hertfordshire, was en fête the same morning on the occasion of the marriage of Major Bathurst with the youngest daughter of Sir Astley Cooper, at the parish church. The bride wore a dress of rich white broché silk, trimmed with point de gaze lace, and Brussels lace veil, and a wreath of orange-blossoms. She was attended by six bridesmaids, the Misses Cooper (two), Wharton, Newton, Cochrane, and Phipps, who wore pink Surah dresses trimmed with ruby velvet, and on their heads tulle veils with pink aigrettes and ostrich feathers, the two children wearing Gainsborough caps. The bride's going-away dress was of sapphire blue velvet, with a coat of the same material trimmed with sable tails.

The marriage between Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Robert Napier, eldest son of Lord Napier of Magdala, to the Hon. Mrs. Langham, eldest daughter of Godfrey, fourth Lord Macdonald, took place last week at St. Columba's Church, Portree, Isle of Skye.

The marriage of the Hon. Cecil Saumarez Irby, of The Grange, Taplow, second son of the late Lord Boston, and brother of the present Peer, with Florence Augusta, second daughter of the late Mr. Clement Upton Cottrell Dormer, of Rousham, Oxfordshire, was celebrated in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Saturday last.

The marriage of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos and Miss Graham Montgomery, eldest daughter of Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart., of Stobo Castle, Peebles, is fixed to take place on Tuesday, the 17th of next month, in London.

The Concert Season at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern (long known as the Victoria Theatre), Waterloo-road, under the immediate patronage of Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, began on Jan. 22 with a miscellaneous concert and the Band of the Coldstream Guards, conducted by Mr. C. Thomas, and will continue every week until Easter. The announcements for the following Thursdays are equally promising. The science lectures are becoming more and more appreciated, and have latterly been received with perfect ovations. The variety entertainments are continued on Saturdays and other days.

\* "George Eliot's Life, as Related in her Letters and Journals." Arranged and Edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross. Three vols. (Blackwood).

## THE CHURCH.

Mr. John Walter, M.P., has promised £25 towards the proposed new central premises of the Church of England Young Men's Society.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor, LL.D., Rector of Settrington, and formerly Vicar of Twickenham, has been appointed to the Canonry and Prebend of Fenton, in York Minster.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, while approving the proposal to create a Bishopric in Fiji, disclaims any intention to interfere with the Wesleyan mission, or to proselytise natives who are already converted to Christianity.

The parish church of St. Marylebone was consecrated last Saturday by the Bishop of Bedford. The church has undergone extensive alterations, principally in the interior, the massive front of the exterior remaining unaltered. The alterations, together with the cost of the new organ and the stained windows, have involved an expenditure of £24,000, most of which has been subscribed.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey last Sunday were the Dean (officiating for the West London Mission) and Canon Rowsell; and for the remaining Sundays in this month will be as follow:—On the 8th, at ten, Canon Rowsell; at three, Archbishop of Canterbury; on the 15th, at ten, Dr. Troutbeck; at three, Canon Rowsell; on the 22nd, at ten, Rev. L. E. Shelford, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Upper Clapton; at three, Canon Rowsell.

A large collection of geological curiosities, consisting principally of mineral specimens from Cumberland, Devonshire, and Wales, has been presented to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral by the Rev. J. J. S. Sparrow, of Willesborough, Kent, as a memorial of his brother, by whom the collection was made. The specimens, which will, when properly arranged, be of much interest and value to students of mineralogy, have been deposited in the Cathedral library.

The Rev. Edward King, who has been appointed to succeed Dr. Wordsworth in the Bishopric of Lincoln, is the son of Archdeacon King, and graduated at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1851, taking his M.A. degree in 1855. He was ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in 1855, by the late Bishop Wilberforce; and for four years was Curate of Wheatley, the parish adjacent to Cuddesdon. In 1858 he became Chaplain of Cuddesdon College, Canon Liddon at that time being the Vice-Principal; and five years later became Principal. He was appointed Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church in 1873.

The Archbishop of York yesterday week unveiled a statue of the late Mr. Christopher Bushell, in the museum, William Brown-street, Liverpool. The sculptor is Mr. Bruce Joy, of London. The Archbishop said the city owed it to Mr. Bushell that the School Board system of education had worked so well there. But there was no limit to his sympathies and good works. When he was satisfied that anything was good for the town in which he lived, he was ready to promote it. He was not a man of ambition, but most humble; and nothing could be more admirable than his character. His great reward, as he said himself, in doing good was that it brought him in contact with good, and it raised his own character. Let the young men of the future, who saw this statue, try to follow Mr. Bushell's example. Dean Howson mentioned that a scholarship was to be founded in University College in honour of Mr. Bushell.

The Very Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who was installed as Dean of Gloucester only a few days ago, has accepted the see of Exeter, in succession to Dr. Temple, translated to London. Mr. Bickersteth was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Chancellor's English medallist in 1814 and the two following years. He graduated with honours in 1817, and took his M.A. degree in 1850. He was ordained deacon in 1818, and priest in 1849, by the late Bishop of Norwich, and was appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, in 1855. The new prelate was Chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon in 1857, and before his nomination to Hampstead successively held the curacies of Banningham, Norfolk, and Christ Church, Tunbridge Wells, and the rectory of Hinton Martell, Dorset. He is the author of several religious works, including "The Spirit of Life," "Water from the Well-Spring," "The Rock of Ages," and many others which have been widely read beyond the limits of the northern London parish where he has so assiduously laboured during the last thirty years.

The Archbishop of York presented the scholarships and rewards given by the Liverpool Council of Education to successful scholars in the elementary schools of that city, on Thursday week. His Grace discussed the question whether we were right in bestowing so much time and education on Latin or Greek, or were there some other studies by cultivating which we might at the same time cultivate the human mind. He pointed out that the modern scheme of knowledge had so very much increased that the relations of Greek and Latin to the rest of the curriculum of studies must be changed somewhat by the mere fact that knowledge had been so increased and multiplied upon the earth. Science was a branch of education that in these days could not be neglected. It was impossible also to dispense with the study of languages. It had been suggested that, as a general rule, Latin and French might be substituted for Latin and Greek, and to those he would add another tongue not studied by the people, and that was English. It was perfectly monstrous that there should be a system of education in which Latin and Greek were taught but not English.

Dr. Temple, Bishop of Exeter, has been appointed to the see of London, in succession to the late Dr. Jackson. Dr. Temple, born in 1821, was educated at the Grammar School, Tiverton, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1842, and took a double first-class. After acting for some time as Principal of the Training College at Kneller Hall, he became an inspector of schools, and was subsequently Head Master of Rugby from 1858 till his appointment to the Bishopric of Exeter in 1869. Dr. Temple wrote the first of the celebrated "Essays and Reviews," published in 1860, and his authorship led to a strong opposition being made to his appointment to the episcopal bench, and counsel were employed by a portion of the clergy, who felt strongly on the subject, to oppose his election. This feeling, however, soon died away. During the time he has presided over the see, great progress has been made in Church work, and he took great interest in the formation of the Bishopric of Truro, giving up a considerable portion of his income for that purpose.

Dr. Temple presided yesterday week at the annual meeting of the Exeter branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and, in replying to a vote of thanks, said: "I am soon to leave this diocese. I do not expect at my age now that I can have another period of work so happy as that which I have experienced in Exeter, for nothing could be kinder than the friendship I have everywhere met with, and nothing could be more to my very heart than the way in which the whole diocese has responded to everything I have endeavoured to do in the service of the Church or for the good of my fellow-creatures since I have been here. I go because it appears to me I have no right to refuse such a call. I go

to heavier work than I have had to do, but with much less chance of being surrounded with such friends as I have found here. Certainly I should not make the change at all if I did not think it an imperative duty to the Church to obey the summons I have received. But for the rest of my life never shall I forget the county of Devon or the city of Exeter, and those in them from whom I have constantly received such kindness" (Cheers).

## ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY.

Lord Reay, the Governor-elect of Bombay, was installed as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University yesterday week. The ceremony drew to the ancient city the most distinguished assembly which has been present upon such an occasion at St. Andrew's.

Previous to the installation, the Senatus of the University conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon the following:—Lord Reay, the Marquis of Lorne, the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Rosebery, the Hon. Geo. Waldegrave Leslie, the Right Hon. Sir Richard Cross, Sir George Young, President of London University; Mr. Robert Anstruther Dalryell, Vice-President of the Indian Council; the Rev. Alex. Stewart, Ballachulish; Dr. John Duncan, Edinburgh; Dr. Wm. S. Playfair, Principal Peterson, Dundee University; Mr. W. L. Courtney, Fellow of New College, Oxford; Professor Ray Lankester, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., Mr. Wm. J. H. Lecky, London; Mr. John B. Balfour, Lord Advocate; Mr. James A. Campbell, M.P.; and Mr. Andrew Lang, late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Degrees of D.D. were also conferred upon the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews; the Right Rev. Frederick Temple, Bishop of Exeter, Bishop-designate of London; the Rev. Henry Allon, Islington; the Rev. J. D. Geden, Professor of Hebrew, Didsbury College; and the Rev. Emilie Comba, Professor in the Waldensian College, Florence. Most of the above noblemen and gentlemen were present.

Lord Reay's rectorial address referred exclusively to the question of University reform. He urged the Scottish Universities to aim at a high standard of teaching, and especially to equip themselves with scientific appliances. They ought also to throw open their divinity chairs to the best men.

Lord Rosebery, after complimenting Lord Reay upon his address, remarked that he thought his Lordship placed too much importance upon State aid as a necessary element in the development of Scotch education. With or without aid from the Treasury, education and the Scotch people would not be kept apart.

## THE GERMAN HOSPITAL.

At the annual general meeting of the governors, donors, subscribers, and supporters of this institution, held last week at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, Baron von Schroder (treasurer) was the chairman. The report showed that the hospital had carried on during the year, without interruption, and to its full extent, all its duties. The number of in-patients during the year was 1822, of whom 353 were cases of accidents, most of them English: 45 were admitted into the sanitarium, 351 gained admission into the convalescent home at Dalston, and as many as 34 were sent to the Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne. The number of out-patients last year was as follows:—At the Hospital Dispensary (including 2001 cases of accidents treated as out-patients, three-fourths of them being English), 15,921; at the Eastern Dispensary of the institution, 3994; at the Western, 1760; dental cases, 1003: making a total (together with 1822 in-patients) of 21,500. Of the usual sources of income the principal one had again been the anniversary dinner, which, besides £200 annual subscription from the Emperor of Germany, had yielded the amount of £2935. With sincere gratitude, it was added, the following, amongst other donations given on the occasion of the last anniversary banquet, were acknowledged:—A donation of £50 from the Emperor of Austria, £20 from the King of Bavaria, £20 from the Grand Duke of Hesse, 150 marks from each of the Ducal Governments of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and of Brunswick-Lönsburg, and £50 from the Senate of Hamburg.

The appointment of Mr. Richard Faulkner Curry, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, to be one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools has been gazetted.

The Lady Mayoress holds afternoon receptions at the Mansion House on the first and third Tuesdays in each month, from three to five.

Hospital Sunday in Sheffield, in aid of the medical charities of the town, realised over £2000, and it is expected that further returns will increase the amount.

Mr. C. Scotter, goods manager of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, has been elected general manager of the London and South-Western Railway.

Mr. E. Lewis Thomas, B.A., of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's-inn, has been appointed executive officer of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People.

The Company of Drapers have given twenty guineas, the Company of Merchant Taylors ten guineas, and the Company of Armourers and Brasiers three guineas, to the Homes for Working Girls in London. These Homes are intended for girls and young women who are employed in the factories and work-rooms of the metropolis, accommodating 345.

Mr. John Walker, of Cornhill, has completed for the Government of Western Australia four massive gold hunting chronometer watches for presentation to Lance-Corporal of Police John McKenna, David Kilpatrick, William Smith, and Edmund Horace Smith, on account of gallant conduct on Sept. 16, 1884.

The steamer Gulf of Mexico, of 2059 tons, Captain Allan, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 27th ult., with a total of 532 emigrants, under the supervision of Dr. L. R. Huxtable as surgeon-superintendent, Miss Chicken being in charge of the single women.—The steam-ship Duke of Sutherland sailed from Gravesend on the 28th ult. with the following passengers for Queensland:—Second cabin, 21 adults, equal to 26 souls; emigrants, 181 single men, 43 single women, and married couples and children equal to 62½ adults.

The Birmingham Musical Association have issued a report of the association during the past season. Twenty-four concerts have been given, exceeding by one the number given in the preceding season. The total number of persons attending during the season was 56,613, giving an average of 2358, or 133 less than the preceding season. The average receipts for the season were £42 per concert. The Executive Committee state that from an educational point of view the frequent rehearsals of both band and chorus are of great value, and the fact that members of the association band have been appointed to positions in local professional orchestras may be regarded as a proof that valuable technical experience is gained which could probably not be otherwise acquired.

## LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

The publication of Mr. Cross's "Life of George Eliot" suggests a topic which to all lovers of literature is of no slight interest. There was a time when it was taken for granted that the life of a literary person must necessarily have little attraction for the general reader. In the biographies of this class published during the last century, the writer frequently begins his work by saying that since the life he is about to record was spent chiefly in the study and in the society of men of learning, since there occurred in it no desperate incidents of field or flood, since the hero of the book neither led armies in the field nor legislators in the House of Commons, it is evident that the story of his career will be valued chiefly by men following the same pursuits. And, judging from several of these narratives which we have had the misfortune to read, it would seem as if the chief purpose of the biographers was to cultivate dullness. They leave out all the suggestive details which bring up a man's presence before us, and indulge in platitudes and moral reflections. So anxious are they to be dignified that they put human nature aside, and show that if there be a stupidity due to ignorance, there is also a stupidity which belongs to learning. For instance—Dr. Joseph Warton, editor of Pope, and head master of Winchester College for more than a quarter of a century, was a man important enough, perhaps, to deserve a memoir, and his friend, the Rev. John Wooll, undertook to write it. The honest man, who is careful to give his views of the biographical art, observes that "to descend to the minutiae of daily habits is surely beneath the province of biography," and adds that the reader must not expect "a detail of those peculiarities and trifling incidents which are by some indiscriminately termed strokes of character"—the result being that when the reader has waded through the big volume, he will be of opinion that Joseph Warton resembles the women described by Pope who have no character at all.

The modern biographer, it must be admitted, does not generally err on this side. He is liable to relate too much about his hero, rather than too little; to insert what is essentially unimportant, and to amplify facts which are of trifling significance. In the hands, indeed, of such masters of the art as Boswell and Lockhart, Southey and Mr. Trevelyan, the minutest detail is not without its value; not because it is significant when standing alone, but because, like a subtle stroke of the painter's brush, it gives expression and completeness to the portrait. To know how to use small incidents, and at the same time how to avoid what is really trivial, is an indication that at least in one respect the writer understands his art. Nor is it always the intrinsic value of a subject that entitles it to a prominent place in a biography. It is not needed there if it does not illustrate character and contribute to the progress of the narrative. The way in which some memoir-writers will foist in topics that have no essential connection with the lives they are writing, shows that they are incapable of appreciating literary form. And yet there can be no doubt that this form is the salt which preserves a book from corruption. Memoirs are frequently what George Eliot calls them—"A string of mistakes." The writers may fail from having no style, from the want of any sense of proportion, from insufficient reticence on the one hand, from the fear of being too familiar on the other. They may be too regardless of the feelings of contemporaries, and too prone to exalt a hero at their expense. Perhaps the greatest defect of a biographer—and are not all other defects summed up in it?—is the want of vision. If the artist does not properly see what he is painting, the features must be blurred; if he sees but one feature perfectly, it is inevitable that he should distort the rest; if too short-sighted to see beyond the facial lines of his subject, how can he represent faithfully that which lies around him and beyond?

It is comparatively easy to say what a biography ought to be, and "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done," lives would rank with the most delightful literature in the language. The best of knowledge is the knowledge of great and good men who have lived and died before us. We learn from their failings as much almost as from their virtues; some of their strength we gain for conflict, some of their patience for endurance, some of their courage for manly acts. It is possible to read a book of abstract science, or of moral reflection, without gaining one whit more capacity for daily duties than we had before; but what man or woman can read the biographies of Johnson and Scott, of Arnold and Kingsley, of Macaulay and Bishop Pattison, without gaining larger views of the possibilities of life and stronger incentives to exertion? Carlyle said that biography is the only history, and certainly the more the historian can bring human beings before us in his pages the more capable are we of understanding the meaning of events. The task, however, is one of the highest difficulty. It is easier to describe what may be called mass movements than individual action. The public acts of a great statesman can be readily chronicled, but endeavour to present a truthful picture of the man himself, and the probability of failure is considerable. Do you doubt this? Then try to draw a characteristic likeness of some person with whom you are in constant intercourse, and who lives under the same roof; you will probably succeed very partially, if at all. Yet, for the most part, the biographer must work out his materials without having enjoyed this advantage. It is calculated that not more than two years and six months of Dr. Johnson's long life were spent by Boswell in his society. The opportunities of most biographers are even less, and few men know how to make use of them as Boswell did. The greater the difficulty, the greater the glory, and to write a really fine biography secures to the author at once a distinguished place in literature. Yes, a really fine biography; but, rich as is our literature in other departments, the principal achievements in this line of literary art may be easily counted on the fingers.

J. D.

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Melton Prior  
Korti Dec 30 1884.

On the Road to the River  
from Korti to Metemma  
The Start across the Desert

THE RELIEF OF KHARTOUM.—FROM KORTI TO METAMMEL, ON THE ROAD TO KHARTOUM: THE START ACROSS THE DESERT.  
FACSIMILE OF SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

## THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

The soft grey mist blows along the tops of the hills, and a south-west wind is rollicking up the valley, where a thousand tiny rills of water are running musically along and singing loudly of the coming spring-time. Away beyond the garden, the looks are quarrelling and consulting about the state of preservation in which their nests are after the winter; while an occasional jackdaw puts in a word, that is promptly caved down, when he sails off, a little rebuffed, towards his own residence in the old ruined castle near by, that only requires a few more straws to be ready for use the moment he has made up his mind to begin housekeeping once more.

Already the birds have begun to sing just a little in the early morning; a faint brown hue is dawning on the willows in the hollow; in the hedge-sides that are least exposed to the weather, the hard, black look that characterises winter is giving place to the purple flush of life that means spring; and in the garden the first snowdrop dances enthusiastically in the breeze, and challenges the primroses to a game, regardless that they are only just peeping from their warm green leaves, as if they were not quite so confident that the cold weather had really gone as are the snowdrops and the gold and purple crocuses that are making quite a show in the south border under the window—where, year in and year out, sits, placidly knitting and looking out into the calm world of the country, our dear kind friend, the oldest inhabitant of this distant shire.

The scent of the violets is strong in the air, and the sun is really driving away the mists, and so, rising with our help from her chair, and leaning on our arm, we persuade her to take her quiet daily walk in the dear old garden; and, as we wander up and down, she looks with her keen blue eyes over the scenery, and owns it is as fair a morning as any she has seen in the one hundred years and six months that have been her portion, so far, in this sublunary sphere; where she intends, if all be well, to continue in health and good spirits for as much longer as it will please Providence to leave her to enjoy her life.

It is such a calm, even flow of life, too, now, that we, impetuously inclined to be up and doing, taking our part in the rush and hurry of the world at large, cannot help wondering why she cares to continue what is at the best surely only mere existence. Imbued with the nineteenth-century idea that a day passed without seeing or doing something new is a day lost, we venture to say as much. We mention that from her windows can be seen little save the procession of the seasons; the birth of a year that must surely die when winter walks the land; that to her home comes nothing, save, may be, news of the death of someone whose grandparents were her own familiar friends. But she only smiles calmly at our unrest and our questionings, and declares that she is satisfied, and requires nothing so long as she can look out at the garden, planted and arranged by her and her young husband now nearly eighty years ago. As she mentions him, her figure straightens, and a smile comes on her aged face; and, pointing with her stick, she shows us the design of the house; how it was made to face south, and yet so that it should not receive the full strength of the winds that came from the sea, often filling the valley with mist; and how the walls were made double and then filled up with cement, mixed and poured in, so that they should be strong, and able to keep out the heat of summer and the cold in winter, in a manner that would appear wonderful indeed to the builders of the present day, whose one idea is hurry and how to give as little as they can in return for the money they obtain. And then she points beyond the garden, and shows us where she met her husband first, in the early years of the century, when Waterloo was yet unfought, and Bonaparte was the dread and fear of the simple villagers, who expected his landing daily on their coast, and never went to bed without dreaming of what might happen before the day once more dawned, with its comparative security.

It is like a page out of a very old book to listen to her, as she slowly paces that narrow garden-path, curiously bordered with the bones of cows' feet in a peculiar pattern that surely was never seen elsewhere, and talks to us of all she has seen and heard.

Her placid voice is as peaceful as her whole life appears to be now; and we can hardly believe she has really lived over all the trials and troubles that have been hers, and existed through the stream of events that racked the outside world, and that only ruffled the mere edge of life so far from London was her home before the date of railways.

Still, she tells us of her own love-story, redolent of lavender and other old-world scents that hang about the love-letters bound together with a soft purple ribbon, that replaced the pink one of her youth when her venerable husband went to his rest in the churchyard near by, that we can see from the parlour window. She shows us a tiny shoe, belonging to the first baby, who died, too, almost before he had opened his eyes on this quiet corner of the world; and she smiles as she does so, because she still can knit the same shoes now, and has lost all the bitter sense of loss, keeping nothing but the bright side of the memory of an infant that she confidently expects to see as soon as ever she has ceased to be in her body; the while she turns over the drawers in the old oak cabinet, and shows us letters of invitation, apologising for the lateness of the hour that is mentioned, and giving as an excuse that "Mr.

Audrey cannot get back from the justices' meeting" before half-past three, and therefore dinner must perforce be at four o'clock.

That these dinners were important functions is shown by the fact that each invitation has been carefully kept, as if it were a state document; and as she tells us of the long sitting over the mahogany, of the toasts drunk, and of the ladies retiring, to be joined no more by the gentlemen, who had generally to be fished out from under the table and conveyed home, we are glad, indeed, the good old times have vanished, and it is no longer considered the thing to consume two bottles of port, and to be carried back insensible to one's house, as a proof of the strength of the wine and the excellence of the hospitality that has been enjoyed by the guests.

In her early days, china plates were rare possessions, and pewter services were in general use; dresses were carefully selected, after much consultation among friends and neighbours, from stalls held by "London mercers" at the biennial fairs in the neighbouring town, that were the great events looked forward to by old and young alike, and that now are almost improved off the face of the world. The post came occasionally, walking leisurely across the valley, when the spirit moved him, which was not often; and letters used to be fetched on market-day, having often spent two or three days in the post-mistress's window, in the hope that someone would see them and take them to their destination; while a newspaper was an event, little sought after or noticed, by-the-way-by, the ladies of the household, who cared little and knew less of what was going on in the world outside—Waterloo even passing unheeded, save for the facts that the beacons used no longer to be kept up, and that the post was accelerated because a local dignitary was incensed at the delay in receiving a letter that told him all about the great fight.

True, once she remembers being busy about a law-suit, the particulars of which, bound in calf, and dated 1837, read like a piece out of the Middle Ages to us, who were not born in those far-distant days; but she waxes eloquent over the details, and gives us a graphic description of producing one of the old invitations mentioned above, the formation of an S in which proved conclusively that the will was a forgery: for the propounder thereof only made his S's in one way, and this invitation was, as it happened, the only piece of his writing to be found; for she tells us, too, of the midnight burning of some of the old man's documents, that she happened to see from her window, being kept awake by a restless baby; and the conspirators, forgetting in that quiet place to draw down a concealing blind, were visible to her as she stood rocking the infant, who died at sixty some years ago. And as she takes the book from us and looks over it again, she goes inch by inch over the evidence with a lawyer's keenness, and quite forgets her age as she fights the long-ago won battle over again.

It is curious to hear our dear old friend talk, for she seems to have a stand-point entirely her own, and appears to be on an eminence from which she can look over the turmoil of our daily life, and take from it nothing save what is good and worth hearing. Enthusiastic still over the comings and goings of her descendants, she seems to hold life in an even balance, and, never expecting too much, is consequently above being disappointed, for she knows the worst and the best life can bring her; and, having outlived all the fierce agonies of love and death, she loves her quiet life, living in the past, that has lost all bitterness, and shows her nothing save pleasant pictures; and, having no sense of age, talks confidently of "next year" as if Death had passed her by, and intended to leave her with us for ever, still appreciating the proud position she enjoys to the full of being undoubtedly "the oldest inhabitant." J. E. PANTON.

The council of the London School of Medicine for Women have received notice of a legacy amounting to nearly £700, which has been left to them by the will of the late Mr. John Byron, who wished a scholarship to be founded for the purpose of assisting ladies of limited means desiring to study medicine as profession.

The Sailors' Home at Leith, erected at a cost of £9200, was opened on Thursday week in the presence of a large company. Mr. James Currie, shipowner, chairman of the committee, gave a history of the Sailors' Home at Leith, stating that thousands annually availed themselves of the old building, whence they transmitted to relatives as much as £2000 in one year. Only £800 was wanted to clear the new building of debt. Admiral Sir Alexander Milne congratulated the committee on the erection of the building. Lord Rosebery, in expressing sympathy with the sailor, asked What was it that constituted the greatness of this country? It was not so much our laws or our Constitution. The surest outward sign of the spirit and life of the nation was the prosperity and welfare of our seafaring populations. This nation did not wish to be cooped up and hemmed in in the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, but this would be the case if our naval force was allowed to fall below its proper standard; and should, unfortunately, that moment ever arrive, he thought it would then be time to emigrate to some better and new part of the world. Great Britain might truly be called a sailors' home, and so long as they gave their sailors a home he was quite sure they need never fear for the future of this country. His Lordship then declared the Home open.

## THE DEGENERATION OF LONDONERS.

Mr. James Cantlie, F.R.C.S., delivered an address at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, on Thursday week, on "Degeneration Among Londoners." The lecturer first defined London, hygienically considered, to be a region where there was no ozone, as a place where, from either the want of light or ozone, sun-burning was unknown, and as a place where beneficial exercise—that is, exercise in the fresh air—was impossible. A Londoner was one whose father and mother were born, brought up, and lived in the area he had defined, and who was brought up and lived in London, and whose only notion of a relaxation was a run to the country or the seaside on a Bank Holiday. It was wellnigh impossible to find a third, and absolutely impossible to find a fourth, generation of pure Londoners; the progeny ceased, partly from moral and partly from physical decline and inability of continuance. The pure Londoner of the third generation, which he had been able, after much search and inquiry, to get hold of, was a picture of physical decline, involving shortness of stature, narrow chest, deformity of jaws, miserable appearance (squinny prevailing), scrofulous diseases, and small head. Pure Londoners were seldom to be found in work-houses, because they died young. Entering at length into the effect of too little exercise upon young children, youths, adults, families, nations, and races, the lecturer foretold evil to the townsfolk of to-day if means were not taken to provide means of exercise in fresh air. It was a serious question whether the welfare of this country should in the next generation be left to a race out of whom all enthusiasm and earnestness had passed. Everywhere in England people were becoming more "townified," and if it were not for the fresh air of the country they would soon be reduced to the same level.

The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., has consented to take the chair at the forthcoming annual festival of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, which will take place at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on March 11.

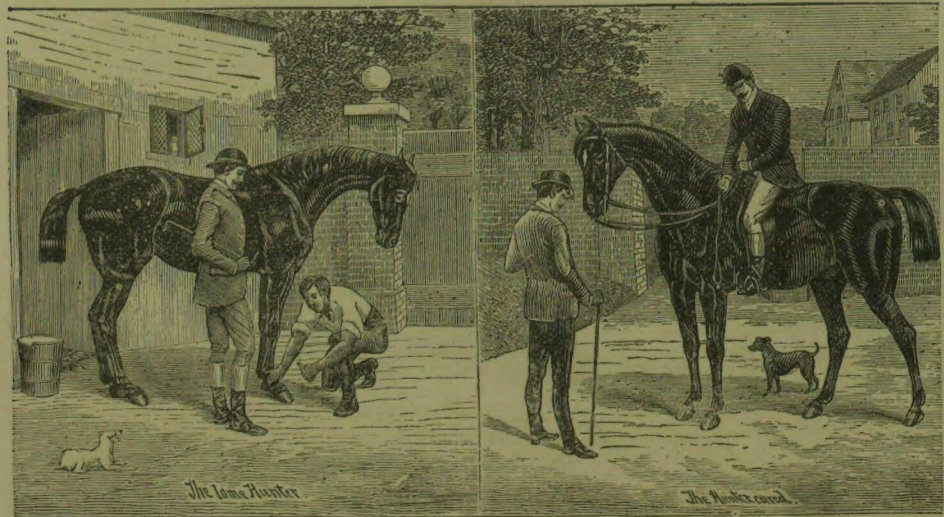
The report of the company which took over the assets of the City of Glasgow Bank has been issued. The profits for the year are £40,747. The directors recommend 4 per cent dividend, which, with 3 per cent paid last July, makes a dividend of 7 per cent for the year. These dividends absorb £35,000, leaving nearly £6000 to be carried forward. The recoveries during the year are £11,545. This sum has been added to the surplus assets, which now amount to £217,709.

At a Court of Common Council a recommendation of the Officers' and Clerks' Committee was considered that the Court should pay Mr. Roberts, late Remembrancer, £1600, and not enforce the payment of the taxed costs which he had been adjudged to pay in the actions he had brought. This recommendation was rejected by seventy-five votes to seventy. A proposal to give £1200 was also lost, and an amendment to give £1000 was carried, but afterwards rejected on being put as a substantive motion.

The President of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce stated at the annual meeting that the general trade of the country had not been much less in bulk in 1884 than in 1883. The accumulated production of three years was beyond the demand, consequently they had to reduce it in 1884. Hence the decrease in profits. The British Empire had 80 per cent of the mercantile navy of the world, representing a value of no less than £60,000,000. The item of ships built for foreign countries was not entered in the Board of Trade returns. In thirty-one limited companies in Sheffield there had been a depreciation in value of £3,600,000, and eight other companies had an increase £1,600,000, leaving a deficit of £2,000,000. House property had deteriorated from 15 to 13 per cent, and the value of the land had gone down from 10 to 40 per cent.

The annual meeting of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance was held in Aberdeen on Thursday week—Mr. John Rae, Haddo, presiding. The annual report stated amongst the objects of the alliance was one to obtain the institution of a land court in each county in Scotland, whose principal duties shall be to regulate the conditions of occupancy on the application of either landlord or tenant, and to deal with the allocation of allotment of land for working men, both in town and country—the court to consist of three commissioners, two of whom should be practical agriculturists. The other objects are to obtain the total abolition of the game laws, so far as applicable to arable land; to have all heritable property rated at its fair annual value, whether let or unlet; to obtain the abolition of the laws of entail and primogeniture; and to secure a thorough representative system of county and parochial government for Scotland. The committee expressed their thorough satisfaction with the year's work, especially in view of the passing of the Reform Bill, showing that the legislation of the future would be directed more than hitherto to social questions. The committee refused to identify themselves with the proposal at the great meeting in Glasgow that there should be no property in land. After detailing the work of the year, the committee reported that it was suggested to alter the name of the alliance to the Scottish Land Alliance, and to make an alteration in their objects and rules, the principal of which was for the introduction of a Land Court as a final arbiter in all cases where a landlord and his tenant cannot agree on any question affecting the conditions of occupancy.

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